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COCKNEY
HUMOUR

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PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH'S COCKNEY HUMOUR

ONE OF NATURE'S GALLANTS. *Loafer (to fair occupant on her way to Court).* "Ullo, Ethel! All alone?"

MR. PUNCH'S COCKNEY HUMOUR

IN PICTURE AND STORY

WITH 133 ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PHIL MAY, CHARLES KEENE, L. RAVEN-HILL, TOM BROWNE, C. SHEPPERSON, E. T. REED, BERNARD PARTRIDGE, J. A. SHEPHERD, G. D. ARMOUR, GEORGE DU MAURIER, AND OTHERS

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Cockney humour smacks, of course, of the town and makes up in smartness and shrewdness what it lacks in mellowness. The Cockney is as a rule a conscious humorist; you laugh *with* him very often, whereas you nearly always laugh *at* the rustic humorist.

George Du Maurier concerned himself a good deal with Cockney character, but he was not in sympathy with the Cockney; generally he had an obvious contempt for him, and most of his jokes turn on the dropped H, the mispronounced word, and educational deficiencies. He portrays some of the Cockney's superficial characteristics; he despises him too much to be able to get at the heart of him and reveal his character.

Take Phil May's pictures and jokes, and the difference is at once apparent. He was fully alive to the Cockney's deficiencies of manner and culture; now and then he quite genially and without the

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least touch of scorn or self-complacency makes fun of them; but he really gives you the Cockney character. Take, for instance, such a picture as his "Politics and Gallantry," his "I say, 'Arry, don't we look frights!" his "Informal Introduction"—(the self-consciousness of the girl's expression, and the blatant pride of the man's)—here, and in almost any of his drawings you turn to, you have the absolutely natural Cockney; his types are full of character and so true and free from condescension that not only are we moved irresistibly to laugh at them, but the Cockney himself would be the first to recognise their truth and to laugh joyously at them too. We may say pretty much the same of Charles Keene, of Mr. Raven-Hill, of Mr. Bernard Partridge, and of others of the "Punch" artists represented here, who illustrate the essential Cockney character, and do not go on the easy assumption that dropped H's and mispronounced words and aggressive vulgarity are the beginning and the end of it.

MR. PUNCH'S COCKNEY HUMOUR

"ALL'S swell that ends swell," as 'Arry remarked when he purchased a pair of "misfits."

'ARRY AND 'ARRIET'S FAVOURITE ITALIAN POET.—'Ariosto.

MOTHER WIT.—*First Coster.* I say, Bill, wot's the meanin' o' Congress?

Second Coster. A shee heel. Female of conger.

A LONDONER'S RURAL REFLECTION.—The Hayfield is better than the Haymarket.

'ARRY'S LAMENT

"A public meeting was held at Hampstead last night to protest against the tampering with the Heath by tube railway promoters."—*Daily Paper.*

Wot! Toobs on 'appy 'Amstid?
A stition at *Jack Strors?*
I 'old the sime a bloomin' shim
An' clean agin the lors,
Leastwyes it oughter be—
If lors wos mide by me
No toobs yer wouldn't see
On 'appy 'Amstid.

Wy, wheer are we ter go, Liz,
Ter git a breath of air?
Yer 'll set yer teeth agin the 'eath
When theer's a toob up there.
A pinky-yaller stytion
By wye o' deckyrytion—
I calls it desecrytion,
'Appy 'Amstid.

Oh! sive us 'appy 'Amstid!
It 's Parrydise, you bet!
Theer ain't no smoke ter 'arm a bloke.
Nor yet no smuts as yet.
An' so I 'opes they 'll tell
This bloomin' Yanky swell
Ter send 'is toobs ter—well,
Not 'appy 'Amstid!

THE WILD WILD EAST

First Coster. "Say, Bill, 'ow d'yer like my new kickseys? Good fit, eh?"

Second Coster. "Fit! They ain't no *fit*. They're a *haper-plictick stroke!*"

NOTE BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST

THE common blackbeetles (*Scarabæus niger*) which so abundantly infest the culinary regions of Cockaigne are alleged to be agreeable, although profuse, in flavour, provided they be delicately larded before crimping, and then fricasseed or simply fried. Care should specially be taken not to injure their antennæ, which, when crisp with egg and breadcrumbs, exquisitely tickle the palate of the gourmet, and provoke him to the liveliest of gastronomic feats. There lurks in vulgar minds a savage prejudice against these interesting insects, by reason, very likely, of the popular impression that at times they have been manufactured into Soy. But this may be assumed to be mere idle superstition, and Soyer, the great *chef*, wisely set his face against it, remarking, as he did so, "*Honi Soy qui mal y pense.*"

Among the warblers which abound in the vicinity of the metropolis, one of the most interesting is the little mudlark (*Alauda Greenwichiensis*) whose plaintive cry may nightly be

"I say, Bill, 'ere comes two champion doners! Let's kid 'em 'at we're hofficers!"

heard upon the shore of the river, where these little creatures congregate in flocks, and pick up any grub which they may chance to meet with.

Doubts have been entertained by sundry Cockney naturalists whether the pyramids of oyster shells, which in the early part of August used to be noticed in the streets, should be regarded as a proof of the migratory habits of the mollusc. That the oyster is a sluggard and objects to leave his bed seems pretty generally admitted; but that he is endowed with the power of locomotion has, fortunately for science, been placed beyond a doubt. Whether oysters shed their shells when they are crossed in love is a point on which the naturalist is still somewhat in the dark.

SELF-EVIDENT.—It must have been a cockney who said that St. Bees came from St. 'Ives.

A DEAD LETTER.—Too often H.

EPSOM UP TO DATE.—*'Arry.* "Ain't ye comin' to see the 'orse run for yer money?" *Cholley.* "Not me! No bloomin' fear! I'm goin' to see this cove don't run *with* my money!"

"I 'ear this 'ere Patti ain't *'arf* bad!"

"Would you gentlemen like to look at the old church?"
"Ho, yus. We're *nuts* on old churches!"

QUOTH an eminent literary man, in the hearing of 'Arry, "All George Meredith's poetry might be republished under one title as 'Our Georgics.'"

"Oo's 'Icks'?" asked 'Arry.

"THE TEACHING OF ERSE IN IRELAND."—"Well," says 'Arry, "it sounds uncommon funereal. O' course I knew an erse and plumes and coal-black 'osses is what they call a 'moral lesson.' But why make such a fuss about it in Ireland?"

AN AWKWARD NAME.—'Arry, on a marine excursion, hearing mention made of the two sea-birds the great auk and the little auk, inquired if the little auk was a sparrow-'awk.

"HE is the greatest liar on (H)earth," as the Cockney said of the lap-dog he often saw lying before the fire.

THE VERNACULAR.—"Yer know that young Germin feller as come ter sty in our 'ouse six months agow? Well, w'en fust 'e come, I give yer my word'e didn' know nothink but 'is own lengwidge; but we bin learnin' 'im English, an' now e' can speak it puffick—jes' the sime as wot you an' me can."

DINNER FOR THE H-LESS. GOOD EDUCATIONAL COURSE FOR AN UNEDUCATED COCKNEY.—An *aitch*-bone.

COCKNEYS AT ALDERSHOT.—*First Cockney.* "'Ere, 'Arry, where's the colonel?"

Second Cockney. "The *colonel*, bless yer, 'e's in *an 'ut.*"

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.—(*By a Cockney*). *What to do with cold mutton. H*eat it.

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.—Wot lake in Hengland's got the glassiest buzzum?

Windermere.

FOR CIVES ROMANI.—The way to 'Ampton races?—The 'Appy 'Un (Appian) of course.

'Bus Conductor. "Emmersmith! Emmersmith! 'Ere ye are Emmersmith!"

Liza Ann. "Oo er yer callin' Emmer Smith? Sorcy 'ound!"

Poor Letter "A."—"Do you sell type?"—"Type, sir? No, sir. This is an ironmonger's. You'll find type at the linendryper's over the w'y!" "I don't mean *tape*, man! *Type*, for *printing!*"—"Oh, *toype* yer mean! I beg yer pardon, sir!"

MYOPIA

Little Binks (to unsteady party who had lurched heavily against him). "I beg your pardon, I'm sure, but I'm very short-sighted——" *Dissipated Stranger.* "Do' mensh't, shir—I've met goo' many shor' sight peopl'sh morn', bu' you're firsh gen'l'm'sh made 'shli'sht 'pology!"

OUR 'ARRY AGAIN!—'Arry *is at a hotel where the boarding system prevails, and sees the following notice posted on the walls—"Breakfast,* 9 *a.m.*"

'Arry (to Waiter). "Breakfast, and some 'am."

Waiter. "We've no 'am."

'Arry. "No 'am! (*Pointing to notice.*) What's that?"

Says one 'Arry to another 'Arry. "I say, old man, the papers say they 'ope 1882 will be the openin' of a new era. What's that?"

Second 'Arry. "Openin' of a new 'earer? Why, a telephone, of course, you juggins!"

A SONG FOR COCKNEY SPORTSMEN

THE hart's in the Highlands,
Of that there's no fear,
And 'tis there you may buy lands
For stalking the deer:
But the hills are no trifle,
And they're windy and cold,
So your wish you'd best stifle,
Or buy, and be—sold.

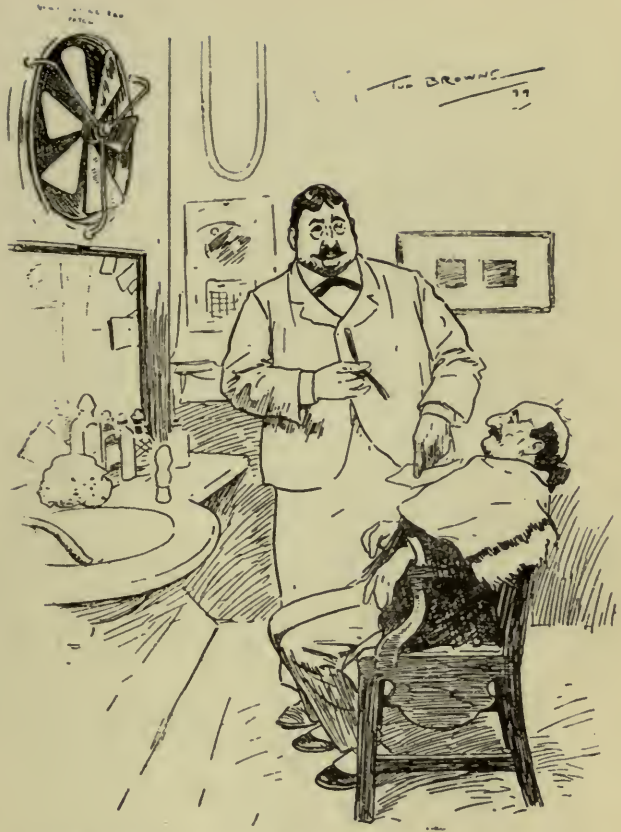
GOOD NEWS

'Arry. "T'aint no good miking a fuss about it, yer know, guv'nor! Me and my pals must 'ave our 'd'y out'!"

Foreign Fellow-traveller. "Aha! Die out! You go to die out? Mon Dieu! I am vairy glad to 'ear it. It is time!"

FORCE OF HABIT; OR, CITY SUSPICIONS

'Arry (who is foraging for his camping party). "Look here, my good woman, are these cabbages fresh?"

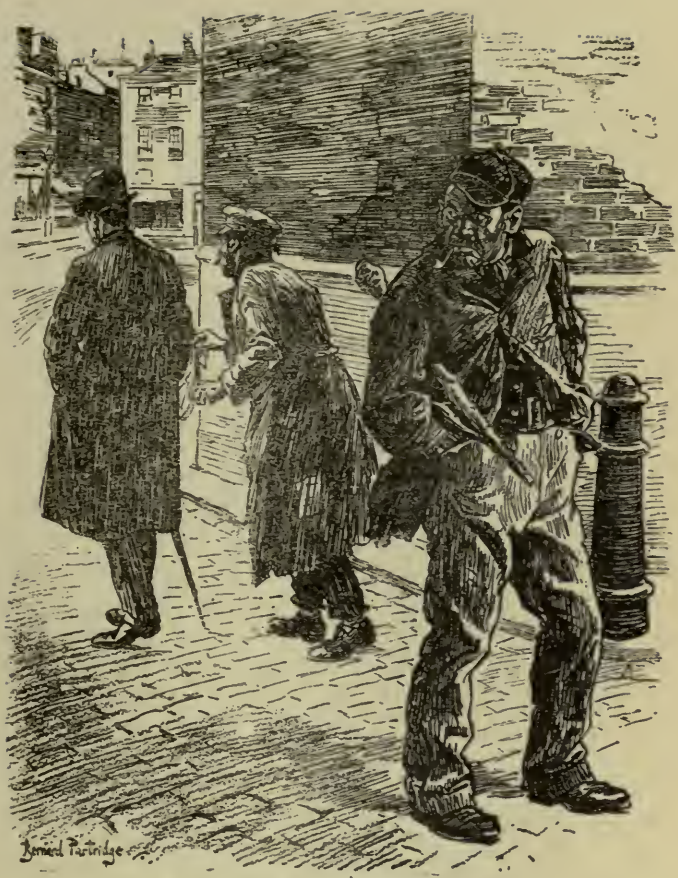


Little Dobbs. "Hullo! what's that? Looks like a mowing machine."

Hairdresser (*who does not appreciate "chaff"*). "No, sir, 'tain't a mowin' machine. It's meant to give gentlemen fresh *h*air."

BITING SARCASM

Gentleman with the Broom (*who has inadvertently splashed the artist's favourite shipwreck*). "Ow yus! I suppose yer think ye're the president o' the Roy'l Academmy! A settin' 'there in the lap er luxury!!"



FOREIGN COMPETITION

British Habitual Criminal. "Well, if these 'ere furrin aliens is a-goin' ter take the bread out of a honest man's mouth—blimey if I don't turn copper!"

VERY APPROPRIATE. — Says 'Arry, "Regular good place for a medical man to live in is 'Ill Street, Berkeley Square. But why don't he cure it and make it Quite Well Street?"

COMMENT BY A COCKNEY

BAD-GASTEIN! Sounds more fit than nice, and yet
They say most healing waters there are had.
Strange, though, that people fancy good to get
By going to the Bad!

'ARRIET read from a daily paper, "Navigation in the Ouse." "I s'pose," said 'Arry, "as the members are goin' to 'ave a 'ouse-boat this season. Which 'ouse? Hupper or lower? Whichever's to steer? The Speaker or Lord 'Igh Chancellor?"

TWO DISTINCT CLASSES.—The aristocracy and the '*Arry*-stocracy.

WITHERING.—*'Arry.* "I s'y—does one tip the witers 'ere?" *Alphonse.* "Not onless you are reecher zan ze vaiter, sare!"

THE BLESSED HERITAGE

["Poverty is a blessed heritage."—*Mr. Carnegie.*]

'ERE, Lizer, wheer's yer gratitood? 'E ses, ses Mr. C.,
As it's a blessed 'eritage, is poverty, ses 'e.
Then think 'ow thankful an' 'ow blest we oughter feel, us two,
But yet yer that contrairy that I'm blest, Liz, if yer do.

Wot? 'Ungry? Wot is 'unger? Don't it vary the monotony
An' Wooster sorce yer vittles, that's supposin' as yer've got any?
Then think of them pore millionaires wot misses the delight
Of 'avin' 'ad no breakfast on a roarin' happytite.

Then money! Think, Elizer, of them cruel stocks and shares
Wot makes their lives a torter to them martyred millionaires
Oh, ain't we much more appy when the sticks is up the spout
An' the kids is wantin' dinner and 'as got ter go without?

And don't it make yer 'eart bleed, too, to think of all the care
Of mansions in the country and an 'ouse in Grosvenor Square?
Ah, what would them pore fellers give if honly they could come
An' live with all their fam'ly in our garret hup the slum?

Toff. "I say, my boy, would you like to drive me to Piccadilly?
Boy. "I shouldn't mind, old sport, only I don't fink the 'arness would fit yer!"

Wot, Liz? Yer'd like ter see 'em come? 'Ere, none o' that theer charf!
Yer'd sell yer bloomin' birthright for a pot of 'arf-an-'arf?
Lor, Liz! Ter think as you should be in sich a thankless mood!
Yer've got a "blessed 'eritage," an' 'ere's yer gratitood!

'ARRY EXAMINED.—*Q.* "What is meant by 'Higher Education'"?

'Arry. "Getting a tutor at so much a week. That's the way *I* should 'ire education—if I wanted it."

WHY HE IS SUCH A DULL BOY.—"'Arry," said an eminent comic singer to his friend, confidentially at the Oxford, "I'm exclusively engaged at the music 'alls; mayn't perform in a theatre."

"Then," replied 'Arry, knowingly, "it's all work and no play with you."

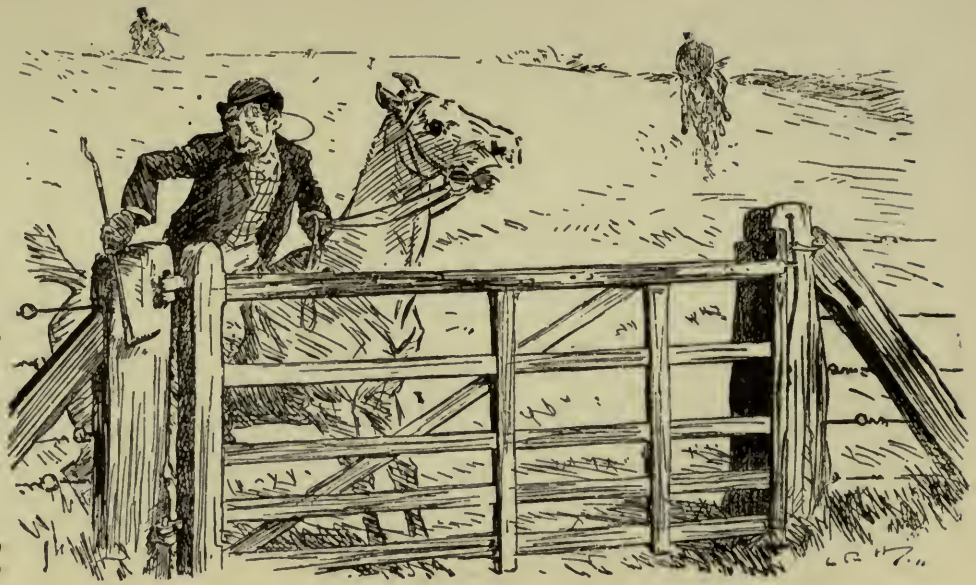
The conclusion was so evident that, had it not been for a good deal of soothing syrup at 'Arry's expense, there might have been a serious breach of the peace.

POOR LETTER H

Tout Contractor (who has been paid a shilling per man, and sees his way to a little extra profit). "Now look 'ere, you two H's! The public don't want yer—nor *I* don't, nor nobody don't; so jist drop them boards, and then 'ook it!"

OBSERVATIONS BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST

A NIGHTINGALE has been heard singing in Kensington Gardens (*vide Times*, April 19). A salmon has been seen swimming close to London Bridge. A trout has been observed (reposing on a marble slab) near to Charing Cross. Sticklebacks have been captured in the waters of the Serpentine. Plovers eggs have been discovered in the middle of Covent Garden: I myself have found there as many as two dozen in a single walk. There is a rookery in St. Giles's, well known to the police. I have seen a pigeon shot not far from Shepherd's Bush, and I have heard one has been plucked by a member of the hawk tribe at another West-End haunt. Blackbeetles are common in the back kitchens of Belgravia, and bluebottles abound among the butchers of Whitechapel during the warm months. There is another kind of fly, which is said to be indigenous to the stables of the jobmasters, and which also may be seen by



'Arry (encountering a shut gate for the first time). "Wonder which end the thing opens? Ah, 'ere y'are! 'Ere's the 'ooks an' eyes!"

observant Cockney naturalists, but less seldom in Whitechapel than near the Regent's Park. Sparrow-clubs have not been established yet in London, but pea-shooters are common in many of its streets. I am told that early risers may hear a male canary singing in the neighbourhood of Islington at four o'clock, A.M., and may also hear a cock crow any morning, except Sunday, between five and six o'clock. The thrush has been observed among sundry of the children, under medical inspection, in the nurseries and infant hospitals of town. Little ducks are plentiful in the *salons* of Tyburnia, and in Bayswater and Brompton there are numbers of great geese. Welsh rabbits may be seen close to Covent Garden, and wild turkeys have been noticed even in the Strand, hanging by the beak. In the purlieus of St. Stephen's, where are the sacred haunts of the collective wisdom of the kingdom, I have heard the hootings of many an old owl. From information which I have received from members of the metropolitan police, I may assert that larks are common in the Haymarket, and that on the shores of the silver Thames at Wapping there is frequently observable a

THE BEAN HARVEST

Cockney Tourist. "Tut-t-t! Good gracious! What ever can 'ave made the corn turn so black?"

goodly flock of mudlarks. From similar information, I may add that there are careful observers in the streets who rarely pass a day without their setting their eyes upon a robbin'. Who shall say that in the very midst of the metropolis there is not abundant evidence of a truly rural, and a tooral-locral life?

Night-Birds that make West-End Night Hideous.—The 'owls of 'Arry after his larks.

Charade for Costermongers.—My first is unfathomable, my second odoriferous, and my whole is a people of Africa.—*Abyss-inians.*

Consolation for Cockneys.—It is all very well to talk of the fine boulevards of Paris; but in the French metropolis, where the rent is so high, and the living so dear, there is not one street to be named with Cheapside.

THE EASTER VACATION.—*Owner.* "Well, the poor old moke ain't been quite 'isself lately, so we thought a day in the country 'ud do 'im good!"

MISTAKES ABOUT SCOTLAND

(Contributed by a Converted Cockney)

It is a mistake to believe that every Scotchman, when he goes to Edinburgh, immediately walks down Princes Street clad in the ancient costume of the Highlanders.

It is a mistake to believe that the *pièce de résistance* at every Scotch dinner-party is a haggis.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman does not enjoy a joke every bit as much as an Englishman.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotch Sabbath in the country is a whit more *triste* than an English Sunday in the provinces.

It is a mistake to believe that a Scotchman sets a greater value upon his "bawbee" than an Englishman upon his shilling or an American upon his dollar.

It is a mistake to believe that inns in Scotland are dearer and less comfortable than hotels in England.

It is a mistake to believe that we have a city in

AFTER THE RACES.—*Little 'Arry (who has had a "bad day"—to driver of public coach).* "Ever lose any money backin' 'orses, coachie?" *Driver.* "Not 'alf! Lost twenty quid once—backed a pair of 'orses and a homnibus into a shop window in Regent Street!"

England that can compare favourably (from an architectural point of view) with the town of Edinburgh.

It is a mistake to believe that it always rains in the Isle of Skye.

It is a mistake to believe that there are no more "Fair Maids" in the houses of Perth.

It is a mistake to believe that Hampstead Heath is as beautiful as Dunkeld.

It is a mistake to believe that the Caledonian Canal is at all like the Serpentine.

It is a mistake to believe that Aberdeen is less imposing in appearance than Chelsea or Islington.

It is a mistake to believe that the countrymen of Scott and Burns do not appreciate the works of Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, and Tennyson.

And, lastly (this is added to the Cockney's list by the wisest sage of this or any other age), it is the greatest mistake of all to believe that *Mr. Punch* does not like and respect (in spite of an occasional joke at their expense) the kindly, homely, sound-hearted people who live north of the Tweed.

Old Lady. "Dear me, what a nice refined-looking little boy. Why, Jane, he has a mouth fit for a cherub; I really must give him sixpence." [*Does so.*

The Cherub (*five seconds later*). "S-s-s-s!! Billee! the old gal's give me a tanner!"

BY OUR COCKNEY

WHEN is a yew tree not a yew tree? When it's a 'igh tree.

Talking of that, *Mr. P.*, what a nice line the Great Northern to Hedgware is, to be sure. I am, as you know, werry partickler about my "H"s, but "'ang me," as my friend 'Arry Belleville says, "if t'ain't 'nough to spoil your pronunshiashun for a hage and hall time to 'ave to 'ear such names of stations one atop of tother, as the followin,' as called out by the porters an' guards:"

'Olloway.
Seven Scissors Road.
Crouch Hend.
'Ighgate and 'Ampstead.
Heast Hend.
Finchley and 'Endon.
Mill 'Ill.
Hedgware.

There's a lot for you! And t'other line goes to 'Arford, Atfield, and Saint All-buns. Saint *All Buns* would be a good feast, eh, sir?

Yours,

Hivy 'Ouse, 'Oxton. ENERY.

First Combatant. "——! ——! ——! &c." *Bystander.* "Why don't yer answer 'im back?" *Second Combatant.* "'Ow can I? 'E's used all the best words!"

A COCKNEY RHAPSODY

[A critic in the *Daily News* accuses artists generally of ignorance in their treatment of rural subjects, and declares that nearly every picture of work in the hay or harvest field is incorrect.]

Come revel with me in the country's delights,
Its rapturous pleasures, its marvellous sights;
No landscape of common or garden I praise,
But Nature's strange charms that the painter pourtrays

No summer begins there, and spring never ends,
It mingles with autumn, with winter it blends;
Its primroses bloom when the barley is ripe,
Amid its red apples the nightingales pipe.

There often the shadow falls southward at noon,
And sunrise is hailed by the pale crescent moon,
The sun sets at will in the east or the west,
In the grove where the cuckoo is building her nest.

There the milkmaid sits down to the left of the cow,
In harvest they sow, and in haytime they plough;
While mowers, in attitudes gladsome and blythe,
Impossible antics perform with the scythe.

There huntsmen in June after foxes may roam,
And horses unbridled go champing with foam;
From torrents by winter fierce swollen and high,
The proud salmon leaps in pursuit of the fly.

Ah Nature! it's little—I own for my part—
I know of your face save as mirrored in art;
Yet, vainly shall critics begrudge me that charm,
For a fellow can paint without learning to farm.

BETHNAL GREEN.—*East-Ender.* "'Ary Scheffer!' Hignorant fellers, these foreigners Bill! Spells 'Enery without the haitch!"

OVERHEARD AT A MEETING OF THE UP-IN-A-BALLOON SOCIETY.—*'Arry.* Wot's the difference between Nelson and that cove in the chair?

Charlie. Give it up, mate.

'Arry. Wy, *Nelson* was a nautical 'ero, and this chap's *a 'ero nautical*, to be sure.

ARRY 'AD—FOR ONCE.—SCENE—*Exterior of St. James's Hall on a Schumann and Joachim Night.*

'Arry (*meeting High-Art Musical Friend, who has come out during an interval, after assisting at Madame Schumann's magnificent reception*). 'Ullo! What's up? What are they at now?

High-Art Friend (*consulting programme*). Let me see. They've done "Op. 13." Ah, yes! They've just got to "Op. 44."

'Arry (*astounded*). 'Op forty-four! St. James's 'All got a dancin' licence! Hooray! I'm all there! I'll go in for 'Op forty-five. What is it, a waltz or a polka? [*Rushes to the pay-place.*]

RUDE AM I IN MY SPEECH
(OTHELLO)
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWER GIRLS
PHIL MAY
1902

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COCKNEY CLERK

"I know of no cure but for the Englishman (1) to do his best to compete in the particulars where the German now excels; (2) to try to show that, taken all round, he is worth more than the German."—*Mr. Gladstone on English Clerks and German Competition.*

ALL very fine, O orator illustrious!
But I as soon would be a mole or merman,
As a short-grubbing, horribly industrious,
Linguistic German.

A clerk's a clerk, that is a cove who scribbles
All day, and then goes in for cue, and "jigger,"
And not a mere machine who feeds by nibbles,
Slaves like a nigger.

Learn languages? And for two quid a week?
Cut barmaids, billiards, bitter beer and betting?
Yah! that may suit a sausage, or a sneak!
Whistles need wetting.

That is if they are genuine English whistles,
And not dry, hoarse, yah-yah Teutonic throttles.
I'm not a donkey who can thrive on thistles.
No, that's "no bottles."

I've learned my native tongue,—and that's a teaser—
I've also learned a lot of slang and patter;
But German, French, Italian, Portuguese, sir,
For "screw" no fatter?

AN INFORMAL INTRODUCTION.—*'Arry (shouting across the street to his "Pal").* "Hi! Bill! This is 'er!"

Not me, my old exuberant wood-chopper!
Level *me* to the straw-haired Carls and Hermanns?
No; there's another trick would do me proper,—
Kick out the Germans!

Old Bismarck's "blood and iron's" a receipt meant
For sour-krautt gobblers, sandy and sardonic!
But for us Britons that Teutonic treatment
Is much too tonic.

The cheek of 'em just puts me in a rage,
Send 'em back home, ah! even pay their passage
Or soon, by Jove, we'll have to call our age,
The German "sauce"-age!

"ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA"

(*Whit Monday*)

A VERSE for "'Arry"? Well, I'm shot!
(Excuse my language plain and terse)
For such a nuisance I have not
A verse.

His praise don't ask me to rehearse,
But, if you like—I'll tell you what—
The *rôle* of Baalam I'll reverse.

Only, like Balak, from this spot
Desire me 'Arry's tribe to curse,
To grant that prayer you'll find me not
Averse!

'Arriet. "Wot toime his the next troine fer 'Ammersmith?" *Clerk.* "Due now." *'Arriet.* "'Course Oi dawn't now, stoopid, or I wouldn't be harskin' yer!"

'ARRY IN ROME AND LONDON

A KIND correspondent calls *Mr. Punch's* attention to the fact that 'Arry the ubiquitous crops up even in the classics as Arrius, in fact, in *Carmen* lxxxiv. of Catullus. How proud 'Arry will be to hear of his classical prototype! Our correspondent "dropping into verse," exclaims:—

Yes! Your Cockney is eternal;
Arrius speaks in 'Arry still;
Vaunts 'is "hincome" by paternal
"Hartful" tricks hup 'Olborn 'Ill.

How well he is justified may be seen by a glance at the text of Catullus:—

DE ARRIO.

"*C*hommoda" dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
Dicere, et "*h*indsidias" Arrius insidias:
Et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum.
Cum, quantum poterat, dixerat "*h*insidias."
Credo, sic mater, sic Liber avunculus ejus.
Sic maternus avus dixerit, atque avia.
Catullus, *Carmen* lxxxiv.

Which—for the benefit of 'Arry himself, who is not perhaps familiar with the "Lingo Romano"—though he may know something of a "Romano" dear to certain young sportsmen, though not

Lady. "Half-a-crown, indeed! Your fare is eighteenpence. I looked it up in Bradshaw."

Cabman. "Well, to be sure! Wot a good wife you *would 'ave* made for a pore man!"

dearer to them than other caterers—may thus be *very* freely adapted :—

'Arry to *H*oxford gives the aspirate still
He cruelly denies to 'Igate 'Ill;
Yet deems in diction he can ape the "swell,"
And "git the 'ang of it" exceeding well.
Doubtless his sire, the 'atter, and his mother,
The hupper 'ousemaid, so addressed each other;
For spite of all that wrangling Board Schools teach,
There seems heredity in Cockney speech.

Commercial Intelligence.—According to a trade circular issued by a Cockney company, Florence and Lucca, whence the finer description of oils have been heretofore imported, are threatened with a vigorous competition by the Iles of Greece.

The Richest Dish in the World.—The "weal" of fortune.

'Arry's Motto.—"Youth on the prowl and pleasure at the 'elm."

BACK TO THE LAND.—*Farmer's Wife* (*who has told the new lad from London to collect eggs*). "Well, Jack, have you got many?"

Jack (*who has raided a sitting hen*). "Rauther! One old 'en she's b'n and layed thirteen, and I don't think she's finished yet!"

LINES BY A COCKNEY

Addressed to A Young Lady, but dropped by some mistake into Mr. Punch's letter-box.

SWEET hangel, whom I met last heve
Hat Mrs. Harthur's 'op,
I 'ope that you will give me leave
A question now to pop.

I mind me 'ow when in the 'all
Your carriage was hannounced,
You hasked me to hadjust your shawl,
Hon which with 'aste I pounced.

Then heager to your Ma you ran,
She anxious to be gone,
I 'eard 'er call you Mary-Hann,
Or helse 'twas Mari-hon.

Now, Mary-Hann's a name I 'ate
Has much as Betsy-Jane,
I could not bear to link my fate
With such a 'orrid name;

But Mari-hon I like as well
As hany name I know;
Then, hangel, I emplore thee tell,
Dost spell it with a Ho?

POLITICS AND GALLANTRY

First 'Arry. "Hay, wot's this 'ere Rosebery a torkin' abaat? Bless'd if he ain't a goin' to do awy with the Lords!

Second 'Arry (*more of a Don Juan than a Politician*): "Do awy with the 'ole bloomin' lot o' Lords, if he likes, as long as he don't do away with the lidies!"

"AND *SHE* OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"That's supposed to be a portograph of Lady Solsbury. But, bless yer, it ain't like her a bit in private!"

'ARRY'S AUNT UPON THE CLIFF

A study in perspective done by 'Arry with a 'and camera.

ECHO'S ANSWERS

To a Cockney Inquirer who consults her concerning the inevitable Annual "Outing" and its probable issues.

Inquirer. What subject sets me worrying and doubting?

Echo. "*Outing.*"

Inquirer. My wife suggests for family health's improving?—

Echo. Roving.

Inquirer. What's the first requisite for taking pleasure?

Echo. Leisure.

Inquirer. The second (for a slave to matrimony)?

Echo. Money.

Inquirer. You say that woman of all founts of mischief—

Echo. Is chief.

Inquirer. What is this close agreement of *my* women?

Echo. Omen.

Inquirer. I fear for me they 'll prove a deal too clever?

EUPHEMISM. *Cab Tout (exasperated by the persistent attentions of constable).* "Look 'ere, ole lightnin'-ketcher, w'ere the missin' word are yer shovin' us to?"

Echo. Ever.

Inquirer. What is the manner of my buxom Mary?

Echo. Airy.

Inquirer. And what 's her goal in every hint and notion?

Echo. Ocean.

Inquirer. How recommends she Ramsgate, shrimpy, sandy?

Echo. 'Andy.

Inquirer. Whereas *I* hold it at this season torrid?—

Echo. 'Orrid!

Inquirer. And hint, with a faint view to scare or stop her?—

Echo. 'Opper!

Inquirer. (Meaning the *Pulex.*) Answers she politely?

Echo. Lightly.

Inquirer. How then am I inclined to view the *mater?*

Echo. Hate her.

Inquirer. What feel I when she hints at sea-side clothing?

Coster (to acquaintance, who has been away for some months). "Wot are yer bin doin' all this time?" *Bill Robbins who has been "doing time").* "Oh I 've bin wheelin' a bit, ole man—wheelin' a bit!"

Echo. Loathing.

Inquirer. Mention of what makes all my family scoffers?

Echo. Coffers.

Inquirer. Then if I storm, what word breaks sequent stillness?

Echo. Illness!

Inquirer. What feels a man when women 'gin to blubber?

Echo. Lubber.

Inquirer. What is the show of patience that may follow?

Echo. Hollow!

Inquirer. What would the sex when it assumes that virtue?

Echo. Hurt you.

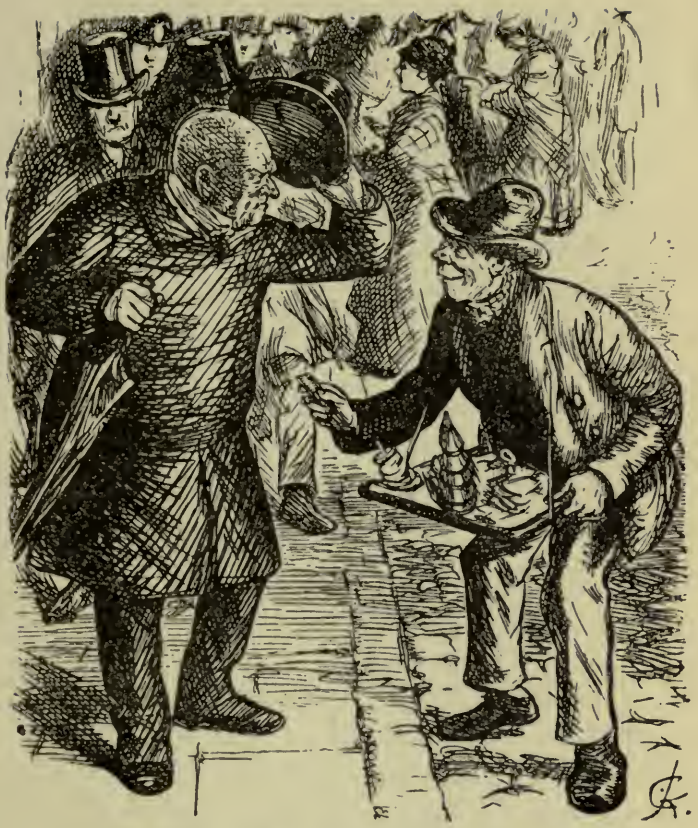
Inquirer. What's the result of halting and misgiving?

Echo. Giving.

Inquirer. What is man's share anent this yearly yearning?

Echo. Earning.

Inquirer. What's the chief issue of this seaward flowing?



HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.—*Irascible Old Gentleman.* "Buy a comb! What the devil should I buy a comb for? You don't see any hair on my head, do you?" *Unlicensed Hawker.* "Lor' bless yer, sir!—yer don't want no 'air on yer 'ead for a tooth-comb! !"

Echo. Owing.

Inquirer. How long before I 'm free of tradesmen's pages?

Echo. Ages!

THE MOORS.—Our Cockney correspondent says that the birds are very wild, and that the heath being extremely slippery, the attempt to run after them is apt to be attended with numerous falls, especially in patent-leather boots. He says the exercise is fatiguing in the extreme, and complains that there are no cabs to be had on the hills though there are plenty of flies.

DOUBLE COCKNEY CONUNDRUM FOR THE DERBY DAY.—"What eminent composer would in England have probably been 'in the ring'?"

"'*Adyn.*"

"Why?"

"Because who ever 'eard of 'Aydn alone? Ain't it always a '*Aydn and abettin*'? Eh? Now then! Come up, can't yer!"

A QUESTION OF TASTE

Liz (*to Emily*). "Mind yer, it's all roight so fur as it goes. All I sez is, it wants a fevver or two, or a bit o' plush somewhares, to give it what I call *stoyle!*"

THE LAND OF THE 'ARRY'UNS.—'Am'stead 'eath.

WHEN a vulgar husband drops his h's, a good wife drops her eyes.

THE SNOW CURE!!

Fiendish Little Boy (to elderly gentleman, who has come a cropper for the fourth time in a hundred yards). "'Ere I say, guv'nor, you're fair wallerin' in it this mornin'! H'anyone 'ud think as you'd bin hordered it by your medical man!!!"

OPEN TO DOUBT

Ostler (dubiously, to 'Arry, who is trying to mount on the wrong side). "Beg pard'n, sir, I suppose you're quite accustomed to 'osses, sir?"

NOTES BY A COCKNEY NATURALIST

THERE are various kinds of larks to be observed by Cockney naturalists, which are more or less, and rather less than more, indigenous to London. There is first of all the cage lark (*Alauda Miserrima*) which is chiefly found on grass-plats measuring about two inches square, and may be heard singing plaintively in many a back slum. Then there is the mud lark (*Alauda Greenwichiensis*), which is principally seen towards nightfall on the shores of the river, when the whitebait is in season. This little lark is a migratory bird, and flits from place to place in quest of anything worth picking up that may happen to be thrown to it. Finally, there is the street lark (*Alauda Nocturna*), which is known to most policemen in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, and the like nocturnal haunts.

As a gratifying proof of our progressing civilisation, there has been of recent years a very marked decrease in the number of white mice, and

"Did yer order any ile round the corner?"
"What do you mean by ile? Do you mean oil?"
"Naw. Not *ile*, but *ILE* wot yer drinks!"

monkeys dressed as soldiers, exhibited by organ-grinders in the London streets. Trained dogs appear, however, decidedly more numerous, and performing canaries may be met with not infrequently in the squares of the West End. The naturalist should note, moreover, that the learned British pig (*Porcus Sapiens Britannicus*) which, within the memory of men who are still living, used commonly to infest the fairs near the metropolis, has recently well nigh completely disappeared and is believed by sundry naturalists to be utterly extinct.

The rum shrub (*Shrubbus Curiosus*) which, although deserving of close investigation has somehow escaped mention in the pages of Linnæus, is found in great profusion in the purlieus of Whitechapel, as well as other parts of London where dram-drinkers do congregate. It may be generally discovered in proximity to the Pot-tree (*Arbor Pewteriferens*), which may be readily recognised by its metallic fruit.

The common cat of the metropolis (*Felis Catterwaulans*) is remarkable, especially for the exceeding frequency and shrillness of its cries when it goes

A Question of the Senses.—*First County Councillor.* "I'm told the *acoustics* of this hall leave much to be desired, Mr. Brown!" *Second C. C.* (*delicately sniffing*). "Indeed, Sir Pompey? Can't say as I perceive anythink amiss, myself; and my nose is pretty sharp, too!"

upon the tiles, or proceeds to other spots of feline popular resort. Sleep becomes impossible within earshot of its yellings, and the injury they cause to property as well as human temper is immense. It has, indeed, been roughly estimated that thirty thousand water-jugs are annually sacrificed, within a circuit of not more than six miles from St. Paul's, by being hurled from bedroom windows with the aim to stop these squalling feline "Voices of the night."

A certain proof that oysters are amphibious may be noted in the fact that they always build their grottoes in the courts and the back streets of the metropolis where, in the month of August, with extravagant profusion, their shells are yearly cast.

The scarlet-coated lobster (*Le Homard Militaire*, Cuvier) has been frequently discovered on the shores of the Serpentine, or basking by the margin of the water in St. James's Park. This crustacean, when treated well, will drink like a fish, excepting that, unlike a fish, he does not confine himself to water for his drink. His shell (jacket) is of a bright red colour, which is not

QUICK WORK.—*Guttersnipe.* "Please muvver wants sixpence on this 'ere fryin' pan." *Pawnbroker.* "Hallo! it's *hot!*" *Guttersnipe.* "Yus, muvver 's just cooked the sossidges, an' wants the money for the beer!"

produced, as in the lobster species generally, by the agency of the caloric in the act of being boiled. The scarlet-coated lobster leads, while in London, a very peaceful life, notwithstanding his presumed propensities for fighting.

If we may credit the statistics which, with no slight labour, have been recently collected, no fewer than five million and eleven blue-bottles are annually slaughtered in the butchers' shops of London, before depositing their ova in the primest joints of meat. The number of the smaller flies which, merely in the City, are every year destroyed for buzzing round the bald heads of irritable bank clerks, amounts, it has been calculated, to one million three hundred thousand and thirteen.

From Taplow.—*First 'Arry.* I'll tell you a good name for a riverside inn—"*The Av-a-launch.*"

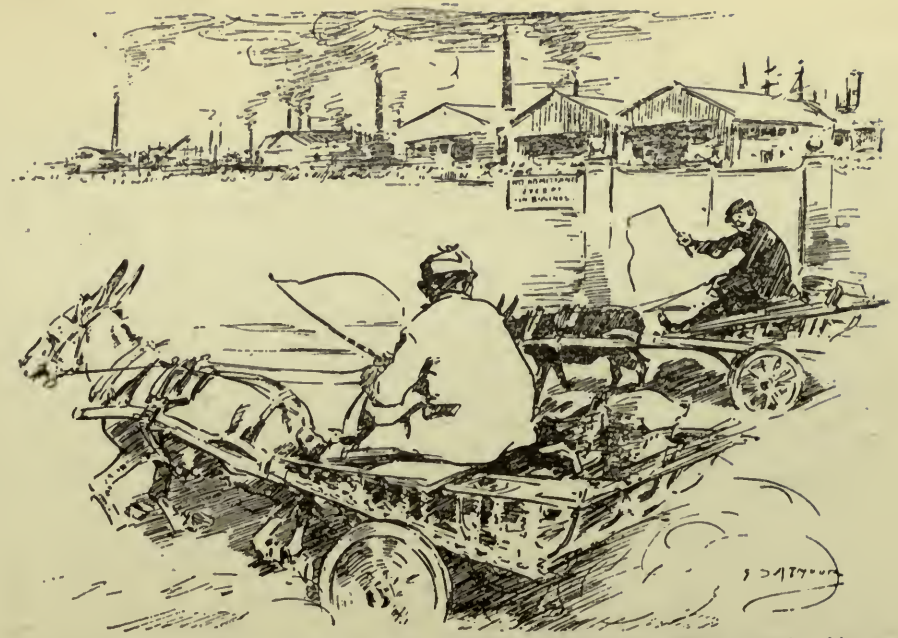
Second 'Arry. I'll tell you a better—"The 'Ave-a-lunch." Come along!

WE MUSTN'T ALWAYS JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.—"I say, Bill, you aren't got such a thing as the price of 'arf a pint about you, are yer? I'm so blooming dry!"

Philanthropic Coster' (*who has been crying "Perry-wink-wink-wink!" till he's hoarse—and no buyers*). "I wonder what the p'or unfort'nate creeters in these 'ere low neighb'r'oods do live on! !"

RUDE INQUIRY

Street Arabs. "Hoo curls yer 'air, gov'nour?"



BILLINGSGATE UP-TO-DATE.—*'Enery.* "'Ullo, Chawley? Wot's up? 'As yer motor broke down?" *Chawley* (*whose "moke" is a "bit below himself"*). "Yuss, smashed me 'sparking plug.'"

First "Growler." "'Ulloah, William, where are yer takin' that little lot?"
Second "Growler." "Hararat! Don't yer see I'm navigatin' the Hark?"

'*Arriet.* "I will say this for Bill, 'e *do* look the gentleman!"

First Urchin. "Fifth o' November, sir! Only a copper, sir! Jist a penny, sir!"
Second Urchin. "Let 'im alone. *Cawn't yer see 'e's one of the family!*"

SONGS FOR THE NATION

"Λάνς ἄρε ἃ λύξυρυ σόνγς ἐσσεντιαλ."

'Arrystophanes.

It is evident that the nation is yearning for singable songs in the 'Arry dialect. The late lamented Artemus Ward would probably have said, "Let her yearn"; but a stern sense of duty impels me to try and meet the need, created by the *Daily Chronicle*. I have a comforting impression that all that is necessary to insure correctness is to "chinge" as many "a"s as possible into "i"s. By this means I secure the "local colouring," which, by the way, has undergone a complete change since Dickens spelt Weller "with a wee, my lord." A catchword, *à propos* of nothing, is always useful, so I have duly provided it.

'ARRY THE OPTIMIST

I.

Oh! you should see
My gal and me
(Mariar is 'er nime),
When we go daown
To Brighton taown
To 'ave a gorjus time.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE SEA SHORE.—*First seaside saddle polisher.* "Wot cheer, 'Arry! 'Ow are yer gettin' on?" *'Arry.* "First-rate, old pal. Only this—beggar always—bumps—at the wrong—time!"

She wears sich feathers in 'er 'at,
  She's beautiful and guy,
But it ain't all beer and skittles—flat
  And 'ere's the reason why:
Refrine—
  She 'urries me, she worries me,
    To ketch the bloomin' trine;
  She 'ustles me, she bustles me,
    She grumbles 'arf the time:
  It's "'Arry do," and "'Arry don't,"
  Which "'Arry" will, or "'Arry" won't
    (It goes against the grine),
  But—
(*Triumphantly.*)
      We 'as a 'appy 'ollidy,
  We gets there all the sime.
      —'Urry up, 'Arry.

II.

      And when we reach
        The Brighton beach
      It's sure to pour with rine
        A pub is not
        A 'appy spot
      For us to set and drine
Yet there we set and tike our beer
  And while awy the dy,
Though we don't 'ave words, no bloomin' fear
  Mariar 'as 'er sy.
Refrine—
  'Er langwidge is for sangwidges,
    She's sorry that she cime;

UNDER CORRECTION.—*Fare.* "Hans Mansions." *Cabby.* "*Queen* Hanne's Mansions, I suppose you mean, miss?"

The weather's wrong, 'er feather's wrong,
I 'as to tike the blime.
It's "'Arry" 'ere, and "'Arry" there,
And "'Arry, you're a bloomin' bear,"
And "Arry, it's a shime"—

(*Spoken.*)—Which is 'ard on a feller! And then we 'as to ketch the bloomin' trine again, and she *do* talk, but never mind—

(*Brightly.*)
We've 'ad a 'appy 'ollidy,
We gits 'ome all the sime.
—'Urry up, 'Arry!

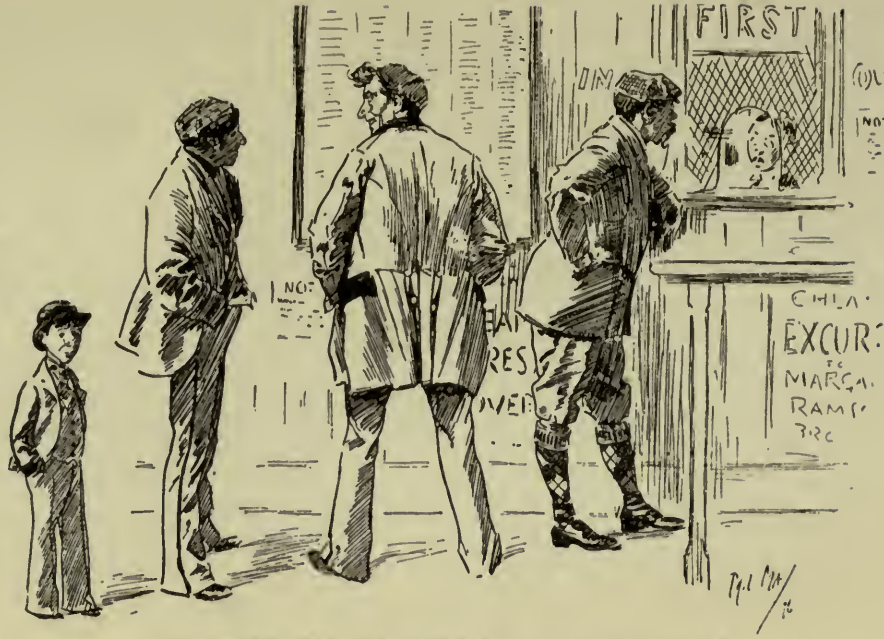
Cockney Sport Extraordinary. — Well-known sporting character, residing at Putney, being unable to reach the moors this season, and having lost his gun, has lately amused himself by bringing down several brace of grouse by means of the Brompton omnibus.

At the Zoo. (A Fact).—'*Arriet* (*looking at the Java sparrows*). Wot 's them? Sparrerkeets?

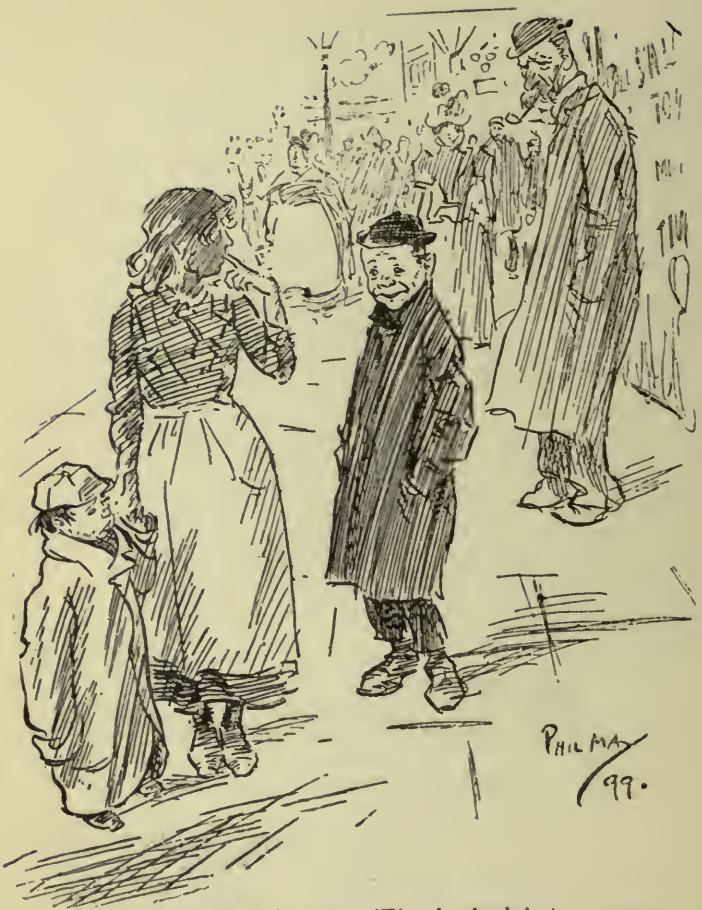
'*Arry*. Sparrerkeets be 'anged—them's live 'umming birds.

"Penny 'addick." "Finen?" "No; thick 'un!'

First Frenchman. "Ah, mon cher ami!" *Second Frenchman.* "Ah, c'est mon cher Alphonse!" *British Workman.* "Bloomin' Germans!"



Clerk of Booking-Office. "There is *no* first class by this train, sir."
'Arry. "Then wot are *we* going ter do, Bill?"



"Fader's gettin' better. 'E's beginnin' ter swear again!"

Vendor of Pirated Songs. "Er y'are, lidy! 'Oly City, 'Bu'ful Star,' 'Hi cawn't think why Hi lubs yer, but Hi do!'"

'ARRY ON HIS 'OLIDAY

Being an epistle from that notorious and ubiquitous person, luxuriating for the time in rural parts, to his chum Charlie, confined in town.

Wha' cheer, my dear Charlie? 'Ow are yer? I promised
I'd drop yer a line.
I'm out on the trot for a fortnit; and ain't it golumpshusly
fine?
Bin dooing the swell pretty proper, I beg to assure yer, old
man.
Jest go it tip-top while you're at it, and blow the expense,
is *my* plan.

Bin took for a nob, and no error this time; which my
tailor's A 1.
The cut of these bags, sir, beats Poole *out of* fits. (Are yer
fly to the pun?)
And this gridiron pattern in treacle and mustard is some-
thing uneek,
As the girls—but there, Charlie, *you* know me, and so
there's no call for to speak.

My merstach is a coming on proper—that fetches 'em,
Charlie, my boy;
Though one on 'em called me young spiky, which doubtless
was meant to annoy.
But, bless yer! 'twas only a touch of the green-eyed, 'acos
I looked sweet
On a tidy young parcel in pink as 'ung out in the very
same street.

SELF-RESPECT.—*The Missus.* "Oh, Jem, you said you'd give me your photergrarf. Now, let's go in, and get it done." *Jem.* "Oh, I dessay! an' 'ave my 'Carte de Wisete' stuck up in the winder along o' all these 'ere bally-gals an' 'igh-church parsons! No, Sairey!"

O Charlie, such larks as I'm 'aving. To toddle about on
the sands,
And watch the blue beauties a-bathing, and spot the sick
muffs as they lands,
Awful flabby and white in the gills, and with hoptics so
sheepishly sad,
And twig 'em go green as we chaff 'em; I tell yer it isn't
half bad.

Then, s'rimps! Wy, I pooty near lives on 'em; got arf a
pocketful here,
There's a flavour of bird's-eye about 'em; but that's soon
took off by the beer.
The "bitter" round here is jest lummy, and as for their
soda-and-b.,
It's ekal to "fizz" and no error, and suits this small child
to a t.

The weeds as I've blown is a caution;—I'm nuts on a
tuppenny smoke.
Don't care for the baths, but there's sailing, and rollicking
rides on a moke.
I've sung comic songs on the cliffs after dark, and wot's
fun if that ain't?
And I've chiselled my name in a church on the cheek of a
rummy stone saint.

So, Charlie, I think you will see, I've been doing the
tourist to rights.
Good grub and prime larks in the daytime, and billiards
and bitter at nights;
That's wot *I* calls 'oliday-making, my pippin. I wish *you*
was here,
Jest wouldn't we go it extensive! But now I am off for the
pier

THE TRIALS OF OUR ARTISTIC FRIEND, LEONARDO DA TOMPKINS

(*Who lives in an unappreciative Suburb*)

'Arriet (*nudging her lidy friend, and in an ostentatious stage-whisper*). "'Amlet!"

To ogle the girls. 'Ow they likes it! though some of their dragons looks blue.
But lor'! if a chap *has* a way with the sex, what the doose can he do?
The toffs may look thunder and tommy on me and my spicey rig out,
But they don't stare yours faithfully down, an' it's all nasty envy, no doubt.

Ta! ta! There's a boat coming in, and the sea has been roughish all day;
All our fellows will be on the watch, and *I* mustn't be out of the way.
Carn't yer manige to run down on Sunday? I tell yer it's larks, and no kid!

Yours bloomingly,

'Arry.

P.S.—I have parted with close on four quid!

Poison in the Bowl.—*Hot weather.*—Advice by our own Cockney. Don't put ice in your champagne. It's pison. How do I know this? Because it comes from Venom Lake.

Seasonable.—*'Arry's friend.* What's the proper dinner for Ash Wednesday?

'Arry. Why, 'ash mutton, o' course.

Tenor (singing). "Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be thy dreams——"
Professor. "Stop, stop! Why don't you sound the H?"
Tenor. "It don't go no 'igher than G!"

First Newspaper Boy. "Hullo, Bill! Who's 'e?" *Second Newspaper Boy.* "I suppose 'e's the North Pole as 'as just been discovered!"

Gorgeous-looking Individual, "Most 'strordinary weather, ain't it! First it's 'ot, then it's cold. Blow me, if one knows '*ow* to dress!"

'I say, Bill, wot 's a Prodigal?"
"Why, a Prodigal's a sort o' cove as keeps on coming back!"

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED

SCENE—*Canal side, Sunday morning*

Lady. "Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday?"

First Arab. "Yus. It's farder up the canal side. But *you* can't go. Girls ain't allowed!"

'ARRY ON 'APPINESS

DEAR CHARLIE,

A 'Appy New Year to yer! That's the straight tip for to-day,
So I'm bound to be in it, old chip, though things don't *look* remarkable gay.
I inclose you a card—a correct one, I 'ope, though it strikes one as queer
That such picters is thought *apprypo* this perticular time of the year.

You'll observe there's a hangel in muslin a twisting 'erself all awry,
With some plums, happle-blossoms, and marigolds, backed by a dab o' blue sky.
Dekkyrative it's called, so the mivvy informed me who nobbled my tanner;
I call it a little bit mixed, like the art on a Odd-Fellow's banner.

But, bless you, it's all of a piece, Charlie—life is so muddled with rot
That it takes raythor more than a judge or a jury to tell yer wot's wot.
Whether knifing a boy 'cos one's peckish means murder, if lyings are libels,
Seem questions as bothers the big wigs, in spite of their blue books and Bibles.

Where are we, old pal? that's the question. Perhaps it would add to one's ease
If life wos declared a "mixed wobble," it's motter a "go as you please."

AN EASTER OBJECT LESSON

(*At the Natural History Museum*)

Visitor. "Hullo! I say, I've got 'em agin! Gi' me the blue ribbon!"

But 'tisn't all cinder-path, Charlie, wus luck! if it was, with "all in,"
You wouldn't go fur wrong, I fancy, in backing "yours truly" to win.

"A 'Appy New Year!" That's the cackle all over the shop like to-day.
Wot's 'Appiness? Praps Mister Ruskin and little Lord Garmoyle will say.
You an' me's got *our* notions of yum-yum, as isn't fur wide o' the mark,
But who'll give us change for 'em, Charlie? Ah! that's where we're left in the dark.

The Reform Bill won't do it, my pippin, no that you may lay your last dollar.
The fact is this 'Appy New Year fake is 'oller, mate, hutterly 'oller.
'Twon't fly—like the Christmas card hangels, it doesn't fit into the facks;
All it does is to spread tommy-rot, and to break all the postmen's poor backs.

You'll be thinking I've got the blue-mouldies, old man, and you won't be fur hout.
Funds low with yours truly, my bloater, no chances of getting about.
Larks, any amount of 'em, going, advertisements gassing like fun,
But 'Arry, for once in the way, 's a stone-broker and not in the run.

HIS BEST "SOOT."—*Short-tempered Gentleman in Black (after violent collision with a stonemason fresh from work).* "Now, I'll arsk you jest to look at the narsty beastly mess as you 've gone and mide me in! Why, I'm simply smothered in some 'orrid white stuff! ! Why don't yer be more careful! ! ! "

It's cutting, that's wot it is, *cutting*. I'm so used to leading the field,
That place as fust-fly at life's fences is one as I *don't* like to yield,
Espechly to one like Bill Blossit—no style, not a bit about Bill!
And they talk of a 'Appy New Year, mate, and cackle o' peace and goodwill!

Oh yus, I'd goodwill 'em, Bill Blossit and false Fanny Friswell, a lot!
They are off to the world's fair to-night, sir, and *that's* wy I say it's such rot.
If form such as mine's to go 'obbling whilst mugginses win out o' sight,
I say the world's handicap's wrong, mate, and Christmas cards won't set it right.

Lor bless yer, 'e ain't got no patter, not more than a nutmeg, Bill ain't;
But the railway has taken his shop, and he's come out as fresh as new paint.
And so because *I'm* out of luck, and that duffer has landed the chink,
She 'ooks onto him *like* a bat to a belfry, sir! What do *you* think?

A 'Appy New Year? Yus, it looks like it! Charlie, old chap, I've heard tell
Of parties called pessymists, writers as swear the whole world's a big sell;
No doubt they've bin jilted, or jockeyed by some such a juggins as Bill;
And without real jam—cash and kisses—this world *is* a bitterish pill.

OVERHEARD DURING ONE OF OUR RECENT STORMY DAYS.—"What cheer, matey! Doin' any business?" "Garn! Wot yer gettin' at? I ain't 'ere to do business. I'm takin' the hopen hair treatment!"

Still, I wish you a 'Appy New Year, if you care for the kibosh, old chappie,
Though 'taint i'gh art cards full o' gush and green paint'll make you and me 'appy.
Wot *we* want is lucre and larks, love and lotion as much as you'll carry !
Give me them, and one slap at that Bill,—They're the new year gifts to suit 'ARRY.

AT SCARBOROUGH.—*'Arriet (pointing to postillions of pony-chaises)*. Why do all them boys wear them jackets ?

'Arry. There 's a stoopid question ! Why, they 're all jockeys a-training for the Ledger, of course !

EGGING HIM ON.—*Knowing old Gentleman*. Now, sir, talking of eggs, can you tell me where a ship lays to ?

Smart Youth (not in the least disconcerted). Don't know, sir, unless it is in the hatchway.

RETREAT FOR COCKNEY IDLERS.—Earn nil.

ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS.—*Master.* "Jim!" *Page.* "Yessir." *Master.* "Rather a 'igh 'ill we're comin' to, ain't it?" *Page.* "Very 'igh 'ill indeed, sir." *Master.* "Ah! well, jest you jump down, Jim, and walk alongside a bit; it'll make it easier for the poor 'orse, you know."

REAL SYMPATHY.—*'Arry (reading account of the war in the East).* "Ow, I s'y, 'Arriet, they've bin an' took old Li 'Ung Chang's three-heyed peacock's feathers all off 'im!" *'Arriet (compassionately).* "Pore old feller!"

"SWEET LAVENDER!"

"AUT CÆSAR AUT NULLUS."—*Architect.* "What aspect would you like, Mr. Smithers?" (*who is about to build a house*). *Mr. Smithers.* "Has Muggles"—(*a rival tradesman*)—"got a haspect? 'Cause—mind yer, I should like mine made a good deal bigger than 'is! !"

THE LAST STRAW.—*Miss Effie has left her sun-shade on the other side of the rivulet. The chivalrous young De Korme attempts the dangerous pass in order to restore it to her. Obnoxiously Festive 'Arry (to him).* "Ho, yuss! Delighted. I 'm sure! *Drop in any time you're passin'!*"

'ARRY ON THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, old Turmuts? Gone mouldy, or moon-struck, or wot?
Sticking down in the country, like you do, I tell yer, is all tommy-rot.
Its town makes a man of one, Charlie, as me and the nobs 'as found out,
And a snide 'un like you should be fly to it. Carn't fancy wot you're about.

Old Ruskin, I know, sez quite t'other, but then *he* is clean off his chump.
Where's the *life* in long lanes, with no gas-lamps? Their smell always give me the 'ump.
Come hout on it, mate, it'll spile yer. It's May, and the season's begun,
All the toffs is in town—ah! you trust 'em! *they* know where to drop on the fun.

Don't ketch *them* a-Maying, my pippin, like bloomin' old Jacks-in-the-Green,
A-sloppin' about in damp medders, with never a pub to be seen.
No fear! We've primroses in tons—thanks to Beakey—for them as can pay.
And other larks as *is* larks, mate, they know meet in London in May.

A JUDGE OF CHARACTER.—*Sympathetic Friend (to sweeper).* "What's the use o' arstin' *'im*, Bill? *'E* don't give away nothink less than a Gover'ment appointment, *'e* don't ! !"

It is all very well, on a Sunday, for just arf a dozen or so
To take a chay-cart down to Epsom, and cut down the may as yer go.
I've 'ad 'igh old times on that lay, Charlie, gals, don't yer know, and all that,
Returning at dusk with the beer on, and may branches all round yer 'at.

With plenty of tuppenny smokes and 'am san'wiches, Charlie, old man,
And a bit of good goods in pink musling, it ain't arf a bad sort o' plan.
Concertina, in course, and tin whistle, to give 'em a rouser all round,
And "chorus," all over the shop, till the winders 'll shake at the sound.

That's "May, merry May," if yer like, mate, and does your's ancetrar a treat.
But the rural's a dose as wants mixing, it won't do to swaller it neat;
That's wy the Haristos and 'Arry, and all as is fly to wot's wot,
Likes passing the season in London, in spite of yer poetry rot.

Country's all jolly fine in the autumn, with plenty of killing about—
Day's rabbitin's not a bad barney, and gull-potting's lummy, no doubt;
But green fields with nothink to slorter, no pubs, no theaytres, no gas!—
No, no, it won't wash, and the muggins as tells yer it will is a hass.

A BI-METALLISTIC DISCUSSION

Jim. "What's this 'ere 'Bi-metallism,' Bill?" *Bill (of superior intelligence).* "Well, yer see, Jim, it 's heither a licens'd wittlers' or a teetotal dodge. The wages 'll be paid in silver, and no more coppers. So you can't get no arf-pint nor hanythink under a sixpence or a thrip'ny. Then you heither leaves it alone, and takes to water like a duck, or you runs up a score." *Jim.* "Ah! But if there ain't no more coppers, 'ow about the 'buses and the hunderground rileway?" *Bill (profoundly).* "Ah!"

[*Left sitting.*

But May in "the village," my biffin, the mighty metro-
lopus,—ah!
That's paradise, sir, and no kid, with a dash of the true
lah-di-dah.
Covent Garden licks Eden, I reckon, at least it'll do *me*
A 1;
Button-'oler and Bond Street, old pal, that's yer fair top-
row sarmple for fun!

Wy, we git all the best of the country in London, with
dollups chucked in.
Rush in herby!—ascuse the Hitalian!—Ah, mate, ony
wish I'd the tin;
I'd take 'em a trot, and no flounders! It 's 'ard, bloomin'
'ard, my dear boy,
When form as *is* form ain't no fling, as a German ud say,
fo der quoy.

I'd make Mister Ruskin sit up, and the rest of the 'owlers
see snakes,
With their rot about old Mother Nature, as *never* don't
make no mistakes.
Yah! Nature' s a fraud and a fizzle, that is if yer can't
fake her out
With the taste of a man about town, ony sort as knows
wot he 's about.

Well, London's all yum-yum jest now. Hexhibitions all
hover the shop,
I tell yer it keeps one a-movin'. *I*'m on the perpetual 'op,
Like the prince. Aitch har aitch *is* a stayer, a fair royal
Rowell, I say.
(I landed a quid on *that* "Mix," but I carnt git the beggar
to pay.)

Cockney Macbeth (a trifle "fluffy" in his words) bellows out: "'Ang out our banners on the houtward walls! The cry is—'Let 'em *all* come!'"

"Inventories" open, you know. Raythe dry, but the *extrys* O.K.
It's the extrys, I 'old, make up life, arf the pleasure and most o' the pay.
Yus, princes and painters, philanterpists, premiers and patriots may gush,
But wot ud become of their shows if it weren't for the larks and the lush?

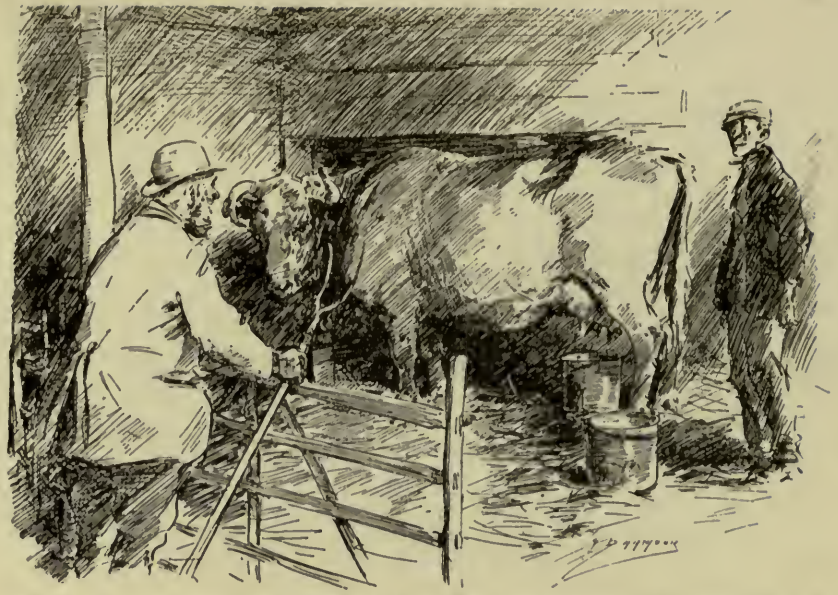
Lor bless yer, dear boy, picter galleries, balls, sandwich sworries and all,—
It's fun and the fizz makes 'em go, not the picter, the speech or the squall.
Keep yer eye on the buffet 's my maxim, look out for the "jam" and the laugh,
And you'll collar the pick o' the basket, the rest is all sordust and chaff.

That's philosophy, Charlie, my pippin; the parsons and prigs may demur,
But if you would foller *their* tip, wy, you 'll 'ave to go thundering fur.
Ah! "May, merry May!" up in town, fills your snide 'un as full as he 'll carry
Of laughter and lotion. That's gospel to toffs and yours scrumptiously,

'Arry.

Hedwin. "Hangeleener! Won't yer 'ear me? Wot 'ud yer sy if I told yer as I'd 'took the shillin'?" *Hangelina.* "Sy? Why—halves'!"

Man Cleaning the Horse. "Naa then lazy, w'y don't yer do some work?" *New Hand (loafing).* "I'm agoin' to." *M. C. H.* "Wot are yer goin' ter do?" *N. H.* "'Elp you." *M. C. H.* "Come alorng, then." *N. H.* "All rite: You go orn, I'm agoin' ter do the 'issing."



"BACK TO THE LAND."—*Old Farmer Worsell (who is experimenting with unemployed from London).* "Now then, young feller, 'ow long are you goin' to be with that 'ere milk?" *Young Feller.* "I caunt 'elp it, guv'nor. I bin watchin' 'er 'arf an hour, and she ain't laid any yit

"'Ere, just 'old my broom a minute. I'm just goin' up the street. If any of my regular customers comes, just arst 'em to wait a bit!"

ART IN WHITECHAPEL.—"Well, that's what I calls a himpossible persition to get yerself into!"

Loafer (*looking at a hundred pound dressing-bag*). "I wonder wot sort of a bloke it is as wants a bag of tools like that to doss 'isself up with?"

"Comin' up to 'Yde Park to 'ave a bave, 'Arry?"
"Yers—an' 'ave all me cloves run orf wiv. Not if *I* know it!"

THE COCKNEY'S ADDRESS TO THE SEA.—"With all thy faults I love thee *still*."

A COSTERMONGER'S CANT

BILL COSTER said, "See them two fish?
Them there's both females, mister;
A pilchard she in this here dish:
That 'ere's her errin' sister."

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—(*By a Cockney*). Why should not Dr. Watts' poems be read by youth?

Because they contain *Hymn-morality*.

A LINE FROM BROWNING

(*For hairdressers who recommend a wonderful "Restorative," and are careless of the aspirate.*)

"An everlasting wash of air."

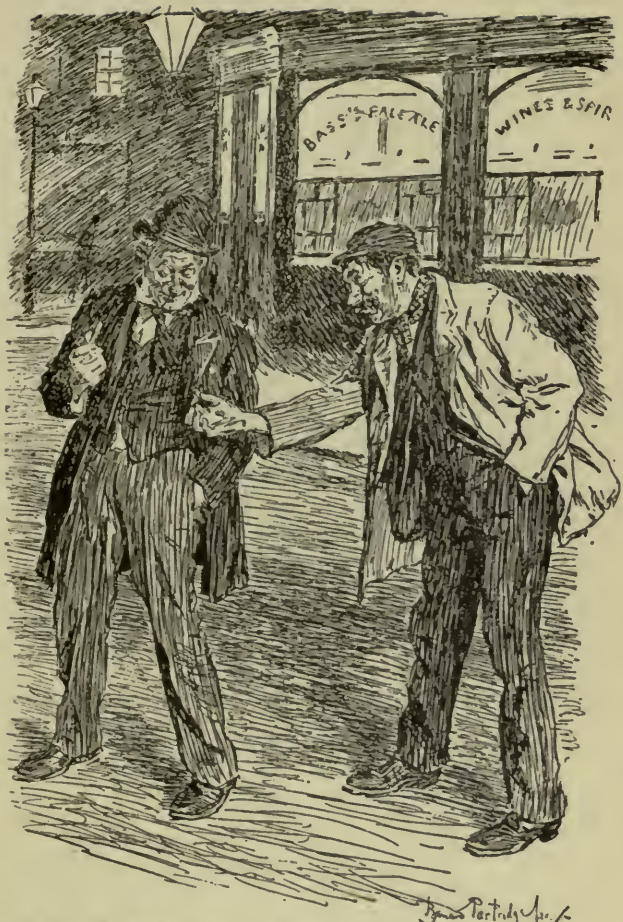
A COCKNEY CON.—When may a man really be supposed to be hungry?

When he goes to Nor-(gnaw)wood for his dinner.

So Very Considerate.—*Stout Coster.* "Where are ye goin' to, Bill?" *Bill.* "Inter the country for a nice drive, bein' Bank 'Olidy." *Stout Coster.* "Same 'ere. I sy! don't yer think we might swop misseses just for a few hours? It would be so much kinder to the hanimile!"

'Arry (whose "Old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time). "Wot d'yer mean, keepin' me standin' abaat 'ere like a bloomin' fool?"

'Arriet. "I can't 'elp the way yer stand, 'Arry"



VERY DRY WEATHER.—"'Ooray, Bill! 'Ere's luck! I gorr' 'nother tanner! Leshgobackag'in!"

'EARD ON 'AMPSTEAD 'EATH

——"And talk of our bein' be'ind the French in general edication, why all I can say is as it's the commonest thing in Paree, for instance (over fust-cl◆ss restorongs, too, mind yer), to see 'dinner' spelt with only one 'N'!"

DIAGNOSIS.—"I can tell you what *you're* suffering from, my good fellow! You're suffering from *acne!*" "*'Ackney?* Why, that's just what *t'other* medical gent he told me! *I only wish I'd never been near the place!*"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR

January.

January! Tailor's bill comes in.
Blow that blooming snip! I'm short o' tin.
Werry much enjoyed my Autumn cape,
But three quid fifteen do look queer paper.
Want another new rig out, wuss luck,
Gurl at Boodle's bar seems awful struck,
Like to take her to the pantermime;
That and oysters after *would* be prime.
Fan's a screamer; this top coat would blue it,
Yaller at the seams, black ink won't do it.
Wonder if old snip would spring another?
Boots, too, raythor seedy; beastly bother!
Lots o' larks that empty pockets "queer."
Can't do much on fifty quid a year.

February.

Febrywary! High old time for sprees!
Now's yer chance the gals to please or tease,
Dowds to guy and pooty ones to wheedle,
And to give all rival chaps the needle.
Crab your enemies,—I've got a many,
You can pot 'em proper for a penny.
My! Them walentines do 'it 'em 'ot.
Fust-rate fun; I always buy a lot.
Prigs complain they're spiteful,
Lor' wot stuff!
I can't ever get 'em strong enough.
Safe too; no one twigs your little spree,
If you do it on the strict Q. T.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.—The chick-a-leary cochin.

If you're spoons, a flowery one's your plan.
Mem : I sent a proper one to Fan.

March.

March ! I'm nuts upon a windy day,
Gurls do git in such a awful way.
Petticoats yer know, and pooty feet ;
Hair all flying—tell you it's a treat.
Pancake day. Don't like 'em—flabby, tough.
Raythcr do a pennorth o' plum-duff.
Seediness shows up as Spring advances,
Ah ! the gurls do lead us pretty dances.
Days a-lengthening.
Think I spotted Fan
Casting sheep's eyes at another man.
Quarter-day, too, no more chance of tick.
Fancy I shall 'ave to cut my stick.
Got the doldrums dreadful, that is clear.
Two *d.* left—must go and do a beer.

April.

April ! All Fools' Day's a proper time.
Cop old gurls and guy old buffers prime.
Scissors ! don't they goggle and look blue
When you land them with a regular "do" ?
Lor ! the world would not be worth a mivvey
If there warn't no fools to cheek and chivy.
Then comes Easter. Got some coin in 'and,
Trot a bonnet out and do the grand.
Fan all flounce and flower ; fellows mad
Heye us henvious ; nuts to me, my lad.

Swell (*who won't be done*). "H 'yars my kyard if you'd—ah—like to summon me."

Cabby (*who has pulled up and heard the dispute*). "Don't you take it, Bill. It's his ticket o' leave!"

'Ampstead! 'Ampton! Which is it to be
Fan—no flat—prefers the Crystal P.
Nobby togs, high jinks, and lots o' lotion,
That's the style to go it, I've a notion!

May.

May! The month o' flowers. Spooney sell!
"Rum 'ot with," is wot *I* likes to smell.
Beats yer roses holler. A chice weed
Licks all flowers that ever run to seed.
Nobby button'oler very well
When one wants to do the 'eavy swell;
Otherwise don't care not one brass farden,
For the best ever blowed in Covent Garden.
Fan, though, likes 'em, cost a pretty pile,
Raythor stiff, a tanner for a smile.
Blued ten bob last time I took 'er out,
Left my silver ticker up the spout.
Women are sech sharks! If I don't drop 'er.
Guess that I shall come a hawful cropper!

June.

June! A jolly month; sech stunning weather.
Fan and I have lots of outs together:
Rorty on the river, sech prime 'unts,
Foul the racers, run into the punts.
Prime to 'ear the anglers rave and cuss,
When in quiet "swims" we raise a muss.
Snack on someone's lawn upon the quiet.
Won't the owner raise a tidy riot
When he twigs our scraps and broken bottles?
Cheaper this than rustyrongs or hottles,

A Labour of Love!—*Benevolent Lady* (*who has with infinite trouble organised a country excursion for some overworked London dressmakers*). "Then mind you're at the station at nine to-morrow, Eliza. I do hope it won't rain!" "*Rine*, miss! I 'owp not, to be sure! The country's bad enough when it 's *foine*, yn't it, miss?"

Whitsuntide 'ud be a lot more gay
If it warn't so near to quarter-day.
Snip turns sour, pulls "county-courting" faces.
Must try and land a little on the races.

JULY.

'OT July! Just nicked a handy fiver
(Twenty-five to one on old "Screw-driver"!)
New rig-out. This mustard colour mixture
Suits me nobby. Fan appears a fixture.
Gurls like style, you know, and colour ketches 'em,
But good show of ochre,—*that's* what fetches 'em,
Wimbledon! *I'm* not a Volunteer.
Discipline don't suit this child—no fear!
But we 'ave fine capers at the camp,
Proper, but for that confounded scamp:
Punched my 'ead because I guyed his shooting.
Fan I fancied rather 'ighfaluting;
Ogled the big beggar as he propped me.
Would 'a licked 'im if *she* 'adn't stopped me.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Time to think about my outing.
No dibs yet, though, so it's no use shouting.
Make the best of the Bank 'Oliday.
Fan "engaged"! Don't look too bloomin' gay,
Drop into the bar to do a beer,
Twig her talking to that Volunteer.
Sling my 'ook instanter sharp and short,
Took Jemimer down to' Ampton Court.
Not 'arf bad, that gurl. Got rather screwed,
Little toff complained as I was rude.

ON EPSOM DOWNS

"Get onto 'is neck, like me, Halfred, an' they'll take us for jockeys!"

'It 'im in the wind, he went like death ;
Weak, consumptive cove and short o' breath.
Licked 'im proper, dropped 'im like a shot,—
Only wish that Fan had seen *that* lot.

September.

'Ere's September! 'Oliday at last!
Off to Margit—mean to go it fast.
Mustard-coloured togs still fresh as paint,
Like to know who's natty, if *I* ain't.
Got three quid ; have cried a go with Fan,
Game to spend my money like a man.
But sticking tight to one gal ain't no fun—
Here's no end of prime 'uns on the run ;
Carn't resist me somehow, togs and tile
All A 1—make even swell ones smile.
Lor! if I'd the ochre, make no doubt
I could cut no end of big pots out.
Call me cad? When money's in the game,
Cad and swell are pooty much the same.

October.

Now October! Back again to collar,
Funds run low, reduced to last 'arf-dollar.
Snip on rampage, boots a getting thin,
'Ave to try the turf to raise some tin.
Evenings getting gloomy ; high old games ;
Music 'alls! Look up the taking names.
Proper swells them pros.! If I'd my choice,
There's *my* mark. Just wish I'd got a voice ;
Cut the old den to-morrow, lot's of cham.,
Cabs and diamonds,—ain't that real jam?

Little Tompkins. "That fellow Brown tried to stuff me up with some of his travellers' tales the other day. Talked about his trip to Italy, and the waving fields of macaroni, but he didn't catch me, you know. They *don't* wave!"

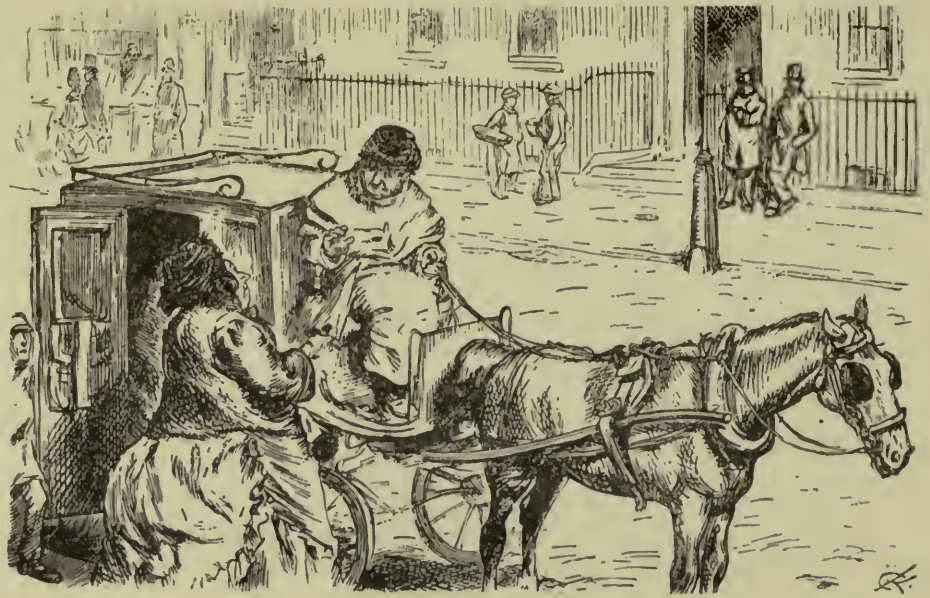
Got the straight tip for the Siezerwitch,
If I *honly* land it, I'll be rich.
Guess next mornin' wouldn't find me sober—
Allays get the blues about October.

November.

Dull November! Didn't land that lot.
Fear my father's son is going to pot.
Fan jest passed me, turned away 'er eyes,
Guess she ranked me with the *other* guys,
Nobby larks upon the ninth, my joker;
But it queers a chap to want the ochre.
Nothing like a crowd for regular sprees,
Ain't it fine to do a rush, and squeeze?
Twig the women fainting! Oh, it's proper!
Bonnet buffers when the blooming copper
Can't get near yer nohow. Then the fogs!
Rare old time for regular jolly dogs.
If a chap's a genuine 'ot member,
He *can* keep the game up in November!

December.

Dun December! Dismal, dingy, dirty.
Still short commons—makes a chap feel shirty.
Snip rampageous, drops a regular summons.
Fan gets married; ah! them gurls is rum 'uns!
After all the coin I squandered on 'er!
Want it now. A 'eap too bad, 'pon honour,
Snow! Ah, that's yer sort, though, and no error.
Treat to twig the women scud in terror.
Hot 'un in the eye for that old feller;
Cold 'un down 'is neck, bust his umbreller.



GUILE—*Old Lady.* "You know the 'Royal Oak'? Well, you turn to the right, past the 'Jolly Gardener,' till you come to the 'Red Lion'——" *Artful Cabby.* "O, don't tell me the 'ouses, mum! Name some o' the churches, and then I shall know where I am!"

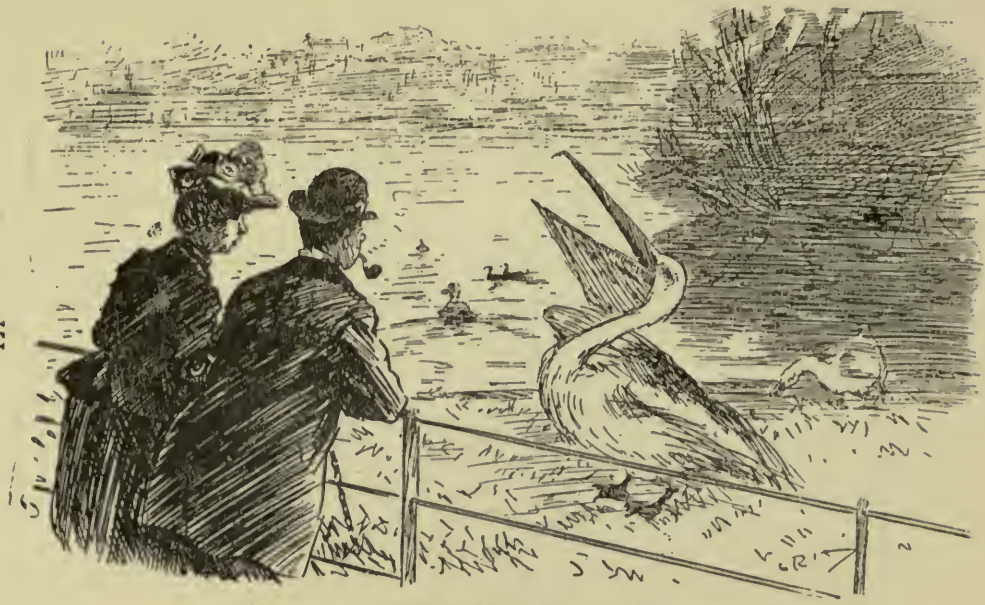
[*Asks, and gets, an exorbitant fare without a murmur.*

Ha! ha! Then Christmas,—'ave a jolly feast!
The boss will drop a tip,—hope so, at least.
If I don't land some tin, my look-out's queer.
Well, let's drink, boys—"Better luck next year!"

RUS IN URBE

(*A Cockney Rhapsody*)

As I stroll through Piccadilly,
Scent of blossoms borne from Scilly
Greet me. Jonquil, rose, and lily,
Violet and daffydowndilly.
Oh, the feeling sweet and thrilly
That these blossoms flounced and frilly
From soft plains and headlands hilly
Bring my breast in Piccadilly!
It subdues me, willy nilly,
Though such sentiment seems silly,
And a bunch, dear, buys your Willy,
To dispatch, by post, to Milly,
Dwelling, far from Piccadilly,
In moist lowlands, rushed and rilly,
Blossomy as Penzance or Scilly.
Sweets to the sweet! "Poor Silly-Billy!"
You may say in accents trilly.
When the postman in the stilly
Eve, from distant Piccadilly,
Bears this box of rose and lily,
Violet and daffodilly,



NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

Country Cousin. "Lor, Bill, ain't that a horstrich?"
Bill. "*Horstrich?* 'Corse not. That 'ere 's a *mongoose!*"

To the rural maiden, Milly,
From her urban lover,
Willy.

P.S.—
Dry as toke and skilly,
Is this arid Piccadilly,
Notwithstanding rose and lily,
All the beauteous blooms of Scilly,
Reft of that flower of flowers—Milly.
So, at least, thinks
"Silly Billy."

A Cockney's Exclamation upon seeing the celebrated Heidelberg Ton.—"Well, it is (s) ton-ning!"

SHAKESPEARE ON BLACKHEATH

I saw young 'Arry with his billycock on,
Checked trousers on his thighs, with knob stick armed,
Climb from the ground like fat pig up a pole,
And flop with such sore toil into his saddle
As though a bran-bag dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a slow "Jerusalem,"
And shock the world with clumsy assmanship.

'Arry's Latest Conundrum.—Why is a title-page like charity?—Becos it always begins a tome. (Begins at 'ome, don'tcher see!)

Cockney Friend. "Good 'evins! there's a pheasant!" *Country Friend.* "Well, what of it?" *Cockney.* "Why, it ain't the fust of October?"

Lady Visitor (*at work-girls' club, giving some advice on manners*). "And you know ladies never speak to gentlemen without an introduction."

'Liza. "We knows yer don't, miss, an' we offen pities yer!"

AN IDYLL

Hemma. "Oh, 'Arry, hain't this 'eavenly! You'll promise to give me 'am sandwiches always, when we're married, won't yer?"

'Arry. "'Corse I will!"

First Workman. "Why don't yer buy yer *own* matches, 'stead of always cadgin' mine?"

Second Workman. "You're uncommon mean with yer matches. I'll just take a few"—(*helps himself to two-thirds*)—"and be hinderpendent of yer!"

ERRAND BOYS

First Boy. Where are yer goin' to, Bill?'

Second Boy. "I've got to go right over 'Ammersmith Bridge to Barnes, then I'se got to go to Putney and back by Fulham Road, then to 'Igh Street, Kensington.

First Boy. "Why, I've got to go to 'Igh Street. You go on. I'm in a bit of a hurry, but *I'll wait for yer!*"

MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY. — A Cockney gentleman who had been hearing a concert of old music, where every piece that was performed was in the programme termed an "op.," observed, as he went out, "Well, after all these 'ops, I vote we have some malt."

COCKNEYISM IN THE COUNTRY.—*1st Cockney.* I say, what sort of a 'ouse will do for a fowl-'ouse?

2nd Cockney. Lor' bless yer, *hen*-ny 'ouse.

CONUNDRUM FOR COCKNEYS.—Which has the greater amount of animal heat, the beaver or the otter? Why, of course, the *otter* of the two.

SONG OF THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN

How happy could I be in heather,
At the grouse gaily blazing away!
But then, somehow, I can't touch a feather,
So 'tis better at Brighton to stay.

PRO BONO.—There is one first-rate joint that comes to table which is the Cockney's prime aversion—the h- bone.

A MODEL MODEL.—(*The artist is rather shy, and has left his model to do the honours of his studio*). "From whom did Mr. M'Gilp paint that head?" "From yours obediently, madam. I sit for the 'eads of all 'is 'oly men." "He must find you a very useful person." "Yes, madam. I order his frames, stretch his canvases, wash his brushes, set his palette, and mix his colours. All *he's* got to do is just to *shove 'em on!*"

Tripper. "'Ere! 'Arf a mo'! Where's the change out o' that bob I gave yer?"
Bystander. "Don't worry about it, cocky; ain't you got the bloomin' 'oss as security!"

Holiday Driver (returning from a pic-nic). "Excuse me, sir, but can you see anything wrong with the 'arness of this 'ere 'orse?"

SPORTSMEN AT SEA.—(*Tom exhibiting a tern which he has shot*). I say, 'Arry, wot bird 's this 'ere?

'Arry. A auk, I should say.

Tom. What yer calls a sparrerawk?

'Arry. No. Hay, u, k, auk, without the sparrer.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH

THINK! "From the cradle to the grave!" my brother,
A nurse takes you from one, an 'earse to t'other.

A VULGAR ERROR.—Misplacing the haspirate.

A CHEVALIERESQUE CONUNDRUM.—*Coster Bill* (*to 'Arriet*). I si! When is your young man like a fish out of water?

'Arriet. Oh, g'long! Give't up.

Coster Bill. Why, when 'es a *witin'* round the corner.

[*Short encounter, and exeunt severally.*

A CAPITAL ANSWER.—"*Self-made*" *Man* (*examining school, of which he is a manager*). "Now, boy, what's the capital of 'Olland?" *Boy.* "An 'H,' sir."

DISCOVERED IN DRURY LANE

(*Near the new Baker Street Lodging House established by the County Council.*)

I 'OLD it true wote'er befall,
I feel it when things go most cross,
Better do a fi'penny doss,
Than never do a doss at all!

UNIVERSITY SYMPATHY.—*First Errand Boy* (*after the University Boat Race*). Wot 'ave yer got a light blue ribbon in yer button 'ole for, Tommy?

Second E. B. (*promptly*). 'Cos our 'ouse allus sells Cambridge sausages!

A MATTER OF TASTE.—*Vulgar Parvenu* (*who is watching the interior decorations of his house*). "Don't you think that tapestry 'eats the rooms?"

Artistic Decorator. "Very possibly, sir; you see, it's Goblin (*Gobelin*)."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.—*Street Boy (to cabby, in a block).* "Look 'ere, are you a goin' on wi' this four wheeler?—'r else me an' my friend 'll get down an' walk!" [*Retires hastily.*

AUDACIOUS 'ARRYISM.—Our friend 'Arry objects to the title of a recently published novel, "Airy Fairy Lilian." He says that he can't imagine a fairy all over 'air, though he might an 'obgoblin.

THE BAGMAN'S BAG

HARK how the cockney sportsman drops
His aitches o'er the glades and glens,
But, at hen pheasents though he pops,
Your 'Arry never drops his n's.

A PAIR OF "NIPPERS."—A coster's twins.

COCKNEY CLASSICS.—"Jack," said Robins, "which varsity would you raythor go to, Hoxford or 'Idleberg?"

"Hoxford, Jemmy, to be sure, you muff," answered Robbins. "'Cos vy, I prefers hindustry to hidleness."

A Bank Holiday Reminiscence.—*'Arry.* "'Ow much an hour, guv'nor?" *Horsekeeper.* "Eighteenpence.' *'Arry.* "All right. I'll have a ride." *Horsekeeper.* "Well, you've got to leave 'arf a crown on the 'orse?"

POOR LETTER "H"

"Have you got any *whole* strawberry jam?" "No, miss All ours is quite new!"

SONGS OF THE SUMMER

"The weather seems to be improving, Nupkins!" "Yes, miss; the nightingale and the cuckoo is a-'ollerin', every night!"

'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK

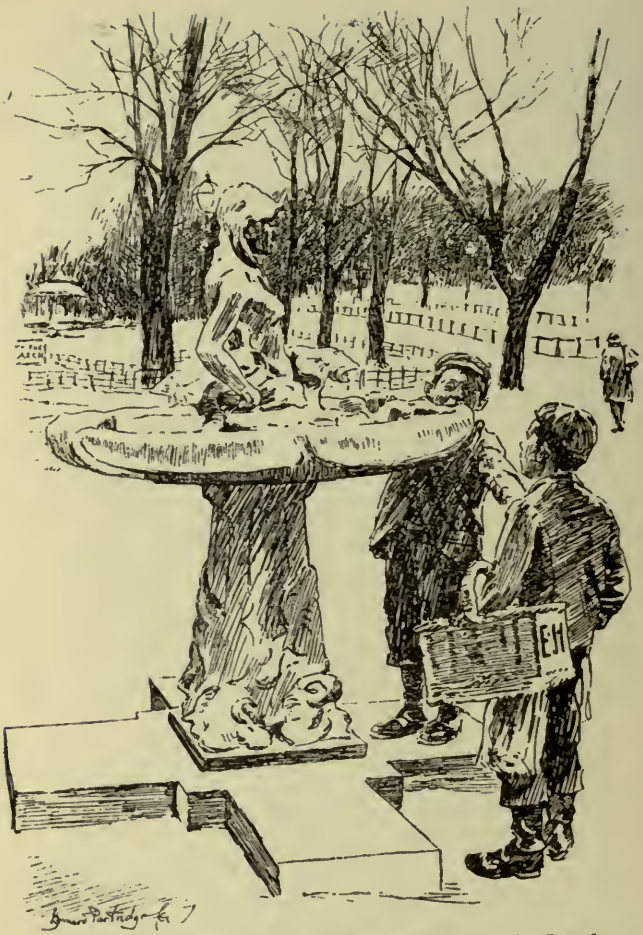
Our 'Arry goes 'unting and sings with a will,
"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill";
And oft, when a saddle looks terribly bare,
The 'eels of our 'Arry are seen in the air!

Cockney Epitaph for a Cook.—"Peace to his hashes."

"A horse," observed a Scotch vet., "may have a very good appetite, and yet be unable to eat a bit." "Ah," said 'Arry, "there's the difference between a 'oss and a ostridge, which could eat bit, snaffle, curb and all."

Le Sport.—A Cockney sportsman, wishing to introduce hare-hunting into France, is seriously meditating a work on the subject, to be entitled, *Arrière-pensées; or, Thoughts on Keeping 'Ariers.* His *nom de plume* will be *Le petit Jean du* Jockey Club.

'Arriet (as a bee alights on her hand). "My word, 'Arry, wot a pretty fly!" (*Sting.*) "Crikey! ain't 'is feet 'ot!"



"'Ullo, Jim, look 'ere! 'Ere's a noo stachoo! Lend us yer knife!"

Finks. "I want to buy a dog. I don't know what they call the breed, but it is something the shape of a greyhound, with a short curly tail and rough hair. Do you keep dogs like that?" *Fancier.* "No. I drowns 'em!"

COCKNEY PHILOSOPHY.—The Socratic mode of argument is the only true mode of chopping logic, because it proceeds altogether on the principle of axing questions.

'ARRY PUTS 'EM RIGHT.—The *Daily Chronicle* recently suggested that the plural of rhinoceros is a disputed point. 'Arry writes: "What O, *Mr. P.*, 'disputed'?—not a bit. Any kiddy as 'as 'ad 'arf an eddication knows what the plural of ''oss' is, don't he? No matter as to its bein' spelt ''os' or ''oss.' Plural, anyway ''osses.' 'Bus-'os'—'Bus-'osses.' 'Rhinocer-os'—'Rhinocer-osses.' That's as plain as an 'aystack, ain't it?

"Yours,

"'ARRY."

DEFINITION FOR A DINER-OUT.—An unlicensed wittler, quoth our worthy 'ost.—'ARRY.

FERVOUR IN THE FOG

Unpromising Individual (suddenly—his voice vibrating with passion).

" She's moy unney ;
Oim 'er joy ! "

"Ah!" exclaimed, enthusiastically, a hairdresser's assistant who had been out for a holiday. "'Ind 'Ead, in Surrey! That's the place for hair!"

THE REAL LONDON PRIDE.—We know an inveterate Cockney who declares that London milk beats the country milk, and beats it "*by many chalks.*"

GOOD PAPER FOR DEAF COCKNEYS.—The *'Earer.*

THE MUSICAL COSTER CRAZE.—*Customer.* Have you a copy of Costa's *Eli?*

Shopman. No, sir; we have none of Chevalier's songs.

"I say, 'Arry don't we look frights!"

"I say, Bill, oo was this 'ere Nelson as everybody wos a talkin' about?" "Why, 'e was the chap as turned the French out of Trafalgar Square!"

"Bill, can you lend me twopence?"
"Wot a silly question to arst! Why, if I 'ad twopence, wot 'ud I be doin' standin' outside a public 'ouse?"

A SONG OF SPRING

By a Cockney Poet.

ALL hail, thou jocund time of year,
To Cockneys and cock-robins dear!
All hail, thou flowery, showery season,
When throstles, mating, perch the trees on:
When sparrows on the house-tops sit,
And court their loves with cheery twit:
While opera songsters tune their throats,
Exchanging for our gold their notes!
Now Nature her new dress receives,
And dinner-tables spread their leaves;
Asparagus again one sees,
And early ducklings, served with peas;
Again the crisp whitebait we crunch,
And chops of lambkin blithely munch;
Salmon again our shops afford,
And plovers' eggs adorn the board;
While for one day at least our sons
May stuff themselves with hot cross buns!
See now the swells begin to show
Their horsemanship in Rotten Row:
See now the Drive is thronged once more,
And idlers lounge there as of yore:
See now fair April fills Mayfair,
And gives new life to Grosvenor Square.
See now what crowds flock to the Zoo,
Where Master Hippo is on view
See daffodils, and daisies pied
In bloom, and buttercups beside:

'Appy 'Arry—
"With my new panama-a-ar
And tupp'ny ciga-a-ar."

ENCOURAGING, VERY!

Cockney Art-Teacher (*newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence*). "If you *should* see a chance o' drorin' any thing correctly—DO SO!!" [*Collapse of expectant student.*

See now the thorn, and e'en the rose
Signs of returning Spring disclose:
See now the lilac large in bud;
While costermongers, splashed with mud,
The product of the passing showers,
Cry, "Here's yer all a blowing flowers!"
Or wake the echoes of the groves*
With "Hornaments for yer fire-stoves!"

* Westbourne Grove, Lisson Grove, Camden Grove, &c

STANDING NO NONSENSE.—*'Arry.* "Phew!"—(*the weather was warm, and they had walked over from 'Ammersmith*)—"bring us a bottle o' champagne, waiter." *Waiter.* "Yessir—dry, sir?" *'Arry* (*aughtily, to put a stop to this familiarity at once*). "Never you mind whether we're dry or whether we ain't!—bring the wine!"

SHEREDITY.—*Lady.* "You don't mean to tell me that this little girl is fit to wait at table!" *Mother* (*proudly*). "Well 'm, she *ought* to be, seein' as 'ow 'er father 'as been a *plate layer* for five-and-twenty year!"

Lady (referring to programme, to friend). "'Schumann, op. 2.' What's the meaning of 'op. 2'?" *'Arry (who thinks he is being addressed, and always ready to oblige with information).* "Oh, op. 2. Second dance; second 'op, yer know. May I 'ave the pleasure?"

THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS TO CHILDREN BILL.—"It's another hinjustice to hus pore wimmen, it is! They won't let us send the kids for it now, an' if my heldest boy goes for it 'e 'as 'arf of it 'isself, 'an' if my old man goes 'e never comes back! so the hend of it is, I 'ave to go for it myself!"

DISCOURAGING.—*Nervous Philanthropist (on a slumming excursion).* "Can you tell me if this is Little Erebus Street, my man?" *Suspicious-looking Party.* "Yus." *Nervous P.* "Er—rather a rough sort of thoroughfare, isn't it?" *Suspicious-looking P.* "Yus; it is a bit thick. The further yer gows daown, the thicker it gits. I lives in the last 'aouse."

[*Exit philanthropist hurriedly in the opposite direction.*

THE FESTIVE SEASON.—*First Burglar.* "'Ere's a go, mate! This 'ere bit o' turkey, knuckile hend of an 'am, arf a sossidge, and the 'olly off the plum-puddin'! Might as well 'ave looked in on a bloomin' vegetarian!"

Temperance Orator. "Ho, pause, my dear friends, pause! "
A Voice. "Ye're right, ole man, *they are!*"

COCKNEY HOBSERVATION.—Cockneys are not the only people who drop or exasperate the "h's." It is done by common people in the provinces, and you may laugh at them for it. The deduction therefore is, that a peasant, with an "h," is fair game.

NEW COCKNEY SAINT.—Mrs. Malaprop declares that if she lives to be a hundred—and all her family detain a venerated age—she will certainly have a Saint 'Enery.

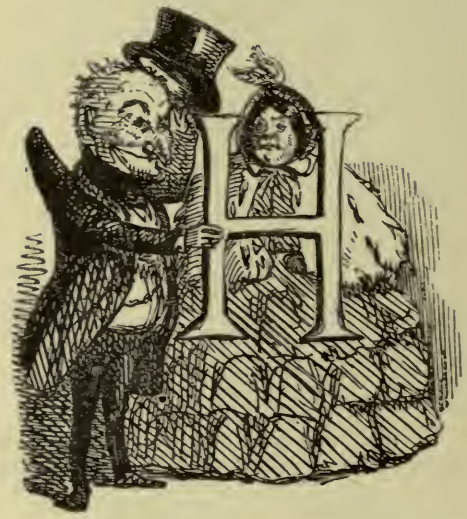
RIDDLE BY 'ARRY.—"Look 'ere, if you're speakin' of a young unmarried lady bein' rather 'uffy, what well-known river would you name?—Why, '*Miss is 'ippy*,' o' course."

EASTER MONDAY

'Arry. "Do you pass any pub's on the way to Broadstairs, cabby?"

Cabby. "Yes. Lots"

'Arry. "Well, *don't I*".



"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you dropped this?"

THE END

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